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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896.

WILL IT BE HEAT PHOTOGRAPHY?

Here is something for our scientists to investigate. A correspondent of *Nature* suggests the possibility of photographing by transmitted heat rays. He thinks it would be possible by this means to obtain a visible shadow of a small object which was concealed from sight by being inclosed within an opaque material. He argues that there are substances opaque to light, but which transmit the rays of heat, most readily those from the sun, and on these substances he thinks the impinging of such heat rays would effect some change. "If, then," he continues, "the heat-transmitting substance allows the rays to pass without dispersion, preserving their rectilinear direction, these rays falling upon a duly prepared screen would cause a visible change upon a portion of its surface; and any ordinary opaque object placed within the heat-transmitting substance would cast a shadow, dark or bright, as the case may be."

We will not attempt either to question or uphold this theory, for it involves matters beyond the reach of the ordinary thinker. It affords, however, another field for scientific inquiry which may result in discoveries as remarkable as the recent revelations of X ray possibilities and actualities. It is true, as the writer suggests, that the discovery would prove more curious than useful—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of those terms. But for the truths of science to be useful it is necessary that its utility should be patent to everybody.

DUELING.

It is not surprising that the recent declaration of the German Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, on the subject of dueling was received in the Imperial Diet with what is described as a storm of derisive laughter. The Prince did not venture to read it himself, but absented himself on the plea of indisposition, and left Dr. Von Boetticher to face the music. The following is the full text of this precious document, which is quite worthy of W. S. Gilbert:

"The Imperial Chancellor has taken cognizance with deep distress of the duels which have repeatedly occurred of late and which have led to the present interpellation. There is no ground whatever for the belief that the organs of the State Executive, whose task it is, so far as possible, to prevent the commission of criminal actions, did not fulfill their duty with regard to these duels. If it was not possible to hinder a meeting in the case of those duels of which previous knowledge had been obtained, no reproaches can justly be made against the authorities on this account. It is quite plain that those who are determined to fight will always find ways and means to carry out their purpose. The Imperial Chancellor recognizes as a natural and imperative demand of the public sense of justice that in the matter of dueling the laws should be respected and obeyed by all sections of the population without distinction of class or profession. He is at the present moment seriously considering what measures can be taken to secure a better observance of this principle. He is unable to inform you of the result of his inquiries, as they are not yet concluded."

JOHN BULL'S SCRUPLES.

There are those who see a humorous side of everything—who would jest and make merry at a funeral. Such a man seems the genial editor of the London *Referee*, for he finds it in his heart to take a cheerful view of the wretched South African business that has kept the wires warm with sensational dispatches during the last few months. After commenting on the serious aspect of the Matabele rising and the skill with which the savages are fighting, and hinting at the possibility of Boer assistance and connivance, he says:

"It is easy to take a burlesque view of the situation and smile at the absurd position in which Great Britain finds herself placed owing to her scrupulous desire to make every reparation in her power to the Boers for the indiscretions of Dr. Jim. The Doctor himself, who knows the Matabele and the way to deal with them, is a prisoner out on bail in England; the troopers who were specially enrolled to keep the natives in good order were brought over here, where they were of no possible use except to give music-hall songs a fillip; and now we are compelled to send a large number of Imperial troops to do practically the work which the Chartered Company's troops were not allowed to do."

Really, he must have a happy disposition who, viewing this matter from an English standpoint, can experience anything but shame and humiliation. But the most amusing feature is the unconscious humor that is manifested by the paragraph quoted. The idea of Great Britain experiencing "a scrupulous desire to make every reparation in her power to the Boers for the indiscretions of Dr. Jim" is simply delicious in its naivete. Then the delicacy with which the "indiscretions" are mentioned is touching. Had this appeared in any but an English paper we might be justified in suspecting it to be intentionally humorous.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Speaking of the Triple Alliance and the recent meeting of the three Emperors at Venice, the *Gazette del Popolo*, a well-informed Italian newspaper, says: "Its first term expires on May 5, and until that day the right of denunciation nominally exists for each of the three Powers which form it. The Venice meeting is a solemn proof that the African disasters have not weakened the confidence of the allied Powers in Italy. It is a proof that the intrigues set afoot in Africa to our injury have provoked a spontaneous sympathetic reaction toward Italy."

If, therefore, the Alliance be not dissolved before that date it will be renewed for another six years. The correspondent of the London *Times* in Rome, writing on the subject, observes: "The most singular fact in the situation, however, is this. The Radicals, whose mortal hostility to the Triple Alliance was so serious a menace in 1891, and whose animosity has not in the least diminished, are now perfectly silent about it. Whether this is due to the indisputable fact that the Alliance commands the practically unanimous approbation of the nation, and that attacks would only strengthen this feeling, or to some vague hope that in the working of politics there may be found a means to make it ineffective, is matter of conjecture. What is clear is that the Alliance is more popular than ever, and that the German Emperor excites the same enthusiasm as was so remarkably shown on his first visit to Rome."

COLUMBIA'S NEW SITE.

With pomp and ceremony fitting the occasion the new site of Columbia University on Morningside Heights was dedicated Saturday, May 2. An immense crowd, including professors, students, alumni and invited guests, assembled to witness the ceremony, and enthusiasm was unbounded. Among those present were Governor Morton, Mayor Strong, General E. A. McAlpin, President Seth Low of the University, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, President Eliot of Harvard, President Brown of Lehigh University, Speaker Hamilton Fish of the State Assembly, and a host of other notables.

All day long the new site was the scene of unusual activity. Learned professors wearing mortarboards and flowing gowns jostled students, clergymen and guests from all over the State. Bands of music played on every side, and the soldiers of the Seventy-first Regiment had hardly lined up in front of the great tent which covered four thousand persons when the members of Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic followed on their heels, and before the gaze of thousands of people presented a national flag to the University.

The weather was especially propitious, and in the bright sunlight the decorations about the grounds presented a gay spectacle. The blue and white of Columbia mingled everywhere with the national colors, two pennants being particularly conspicuous, one bearing the word Columbia in white letters on a blue field and the other having a white crown on a blue field in memory of King's College.

The new site is an historical one, and its history dates from 1701, when Jacob de Key purchased his farm from the city. The Battle of Harlem was fought on the very spot where were laid the corner-stones of the Physics Building and Schermerhorn Hall. The battle was fought on September 16, 1776, and what was once the buckwheat field, made memorable by the first battle in which the American troops faced the British and routed them, has now become the new site of Columbia. The grounds comprise the old site of Bloomingdale Asylum.

FIGURES AND BATTLESHIPS.

There were indications when the House of Representatives met May 5 of a very lively debate over the motion of Mr. Sayers (Dem., Tex.), which came over from the day before, to concur in the Senate amendment to the naval appropriation bill to reduce the number of battleships authorized by that bill from four to two.

Mr. Sayers, in support of his motion, argued that the question presented was purely a business one and he appealed to the House not to allow political matters to influence its judgment. He proceeded to contrast the appropriations of the present session with the available revenues. The direct appropriations for the next fiscal year in which they passed the House were five hundred and five million dollars, while the total estimated revenue was but four hundred and sixty-four million dollars. If no provision were made for the sinking fund (fifty million dollars) the total outstanding direct obligations would be four hundred and fifty-five million dollars, leaving a working balance of nine million dollars. But in addition contracts were authorized in the sundry civil bill, naval and fortifications bills aggregating ninety-five million dollars.

SENATOR CALL.

The Supreme Court at Washington May 5 granted the motion made the day previous by Solicitor-General Conrad to advance the case of Wiborg et al., connected with the "Horan" Cuban expedition, convicted of violation of the neutrality laws, and set it for hearing on Monday the 18th inst.

Mr. Phillips, attorney for Wiborg, argued against advancing the case. He said the Government was able to act under the neutrality laws without a decision of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Call in the Senate asked immediate consideration for a resolution requesting the President to protest against the execution of United States citizens captured on board the schooner "Competitor," and to request and demand of the Government of Spain that they shall not be subjected to cruel treatment, but be held only as prisoners of war.

The resolution was on the point of being declared by the Vice-President agreed to by unanimous consent when Mr. Wolcott (Rep., Col.), interposed with the remark that if the facts were as stated by Mr. Call it was the manifest duty of the President to interfere, and it was rather unusual to request the President to do his duty. He therefore objected, and the resolution went over until the 6th.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal Volksraad was opened at Pretoria May 4. President Krueger in his address to the Chambers reviewed the events of the year. He began by deploring the death of N. J. Smit, Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic, who died about a month ago, and continued by saying that recent events, which had been due to malevolence and selfish objects, had interrupted the rest and peace of the country.

"It has ever been my object," he further said, "to promote the development and prosperity of the Republic in a peaceable manner, and I expect with the fullest confidence that during this session the Volksraad will assist in restoring rest and peace so that through our united co-operation the country may flourish and become prosperous, to the benefit of all. Despite its troubles, the country continues to be in friendly relations with the foreign Powers."

President Krueger also expressed hope for a closer union with the Orange Free State, and declared that the mining industries of the country were prosperous, the native affairs peaceful and the financial condition of the Republic sound.

President Krueger's reference to the Orange Free State shows that the Transvaal and that country are preparing to make an offensive and defensive alliance to resist Great Britain's efforts to interfere with affairs of either country.

The President acknowledged the help of the Uitlanders when the explosion occurred in Johannesburg last February, killing scores of people and rendering thousands homeless. The foreigners aided in caring for the injured, and the day after the explosion raised five hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers.

Members of the branches of the Volksraad were pleased with the President's address. They think that the country's interests are safe in Krueger's hands, and that he will maintain peace without forfeiting any rights of the nation. Many of the Boers gave expres-

sion to their admiration of Oom Paul's sagacity and diplomatic skill.

Boers from all over the country were present in Pretoria to attend the opening of the Volksraad. Many of them urged that members of the Executive Council either mitigate or commute the sentences of the men convicted at Johannesburg.

The action of the council will depend largely upon what the British Government does with the cases of Cecil Rhodes and Beit, who were implicated in the Transvaal raid.

The convicted members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee have been furnished with better food than they have hitherto been supplied with, and are otherwise receiving excellent treatment. Their food is not now limited to the ordinary fare of bread and meat, but they are permitted to have many luxuries.

IN A TRANSVAAL GOLD MINE.

A TECHNICAL description of all that is to be observed and learned about the huge plant of a modern gold mine in the Transvaal would be less interesting, as well as less intelligible, than a simple record of the sights and sounds that impress a visitor unfamiliar as the average reader with the various processes and immense labors required in winning the scanty precious metal from its enormous mass of unwilling envelopments. Consequently, we do not intend to furnish a manual on gold mining, but merely to put before you, with the help of certain drawings, some recollections vivid and lively. In the first place, when you have secured permission to visit the mine proper—a concession not easily secured—you must doff your ordinary clothes and don what are styled "duds." A hard felt hat, with a good double layer of clay and candle grease, mostly outside, coat and trousers that knew their business thoroughly and were obviously well "salted," and a pair of somebody's uncalled-for gaiter boots, borrowed from an obliging cobbler for the occasion, make up the outfit.

The skip—a long iron box about four feet by three and six feet high—comes shooting out of the earth, mounts to the top of the scaffolding, tilts over and disgorges its ton of quartz like an avalanche into the separating-house shute, slips back along the ways till its mouth is level with our feet and then stops. We clambered into the interior, that reeked with the grit and slime of the load just discharged, and set our backs to the side that was to be undermost at the bottom. The signal-man pulled a lever two or three times, and then with a jerk we commenced to fall through space with a rush and a clatter that were merely astounding. When we had fallen through absolute blackness for about a quarter of a mile, our coffin began to slow a little, and to incline until we were on our backs at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Once more we shot down and down, getting sudden glimpses every hundred feet or so of dimly lighted caverns, till we eventually came to an astonished stop on a line with the floor of one deeper still. This was our particular level for exploration, so we crawled out, one over another, and looked around us.

Boring upward was the shaft through which we had descended, and at one side of the guiding timbers stretched the great Cornish suction pump's piston rod and exhaust pipe. In the floor was a manhole, with projecting ladder, whereby regions yet lower were to be reached. Out of the gloom of the gallery behind rumbled the tip-carts, laden with glistening quartz and the debris of the drab rock casing. Not till our eyes grew somewhat accustomed to the feeble illumination afforded by the one incandescent lamp and the candles we lighted could the Kaffirs around us be perceived. The white of their eyes and of their teeth was the first indication of their presence; but eventually a whole group of them could be seen squatting in a nook waiting for their bucket of "scoff"—that is, meal porridge. For all the world they were like so many gnomes, so silent and so motionless were they, and so wonderfully akin in hue to the soft, velvety gray black of the jagged rock walls.

One of the trolleys was pushed on the iron plates, twisted around and its contents dumped into the skip wherein we had descended. Following the Kaffir, who pushed the empty wagon back into the gallery, we came to a place where a broad, low-roofed cavern fell away at a rapid angle from the trolley track to what, in the glimmer of the candles, seemed an unfathomable depth. The height of this slanting crevice was about six feet in most places, and about forty feet wide at the outset, with the walls gradually narrowing toward the bottom, till they became choked with the mass of broken quartz and its conglomerate casing. By dint of crawling and climbing, with much slipping over the loose, sharp-edged splinters of rock, we gained a position where we could see a gang of negro "boys," sitting in the niches all up the sides of the walls, and working with their hand-drills. A musty, earthy odor pervaded the cavern, with a gaseous suggestion of exploded dynamite in it, and more than a mere suggestion of that pungent—well, smell appertaining to perspiring Kaffirs. Most of the "boys" were all but naked—and small wonder, for their black skins dripped with sweat as it was, outlining and putting "high lights" on every muscle of their magnificently developed bodies. Each man as he brought down his hammer suited the action with a grunt, or rather a croak, like that of some gigantic frog, ending in a sort of click that merged so marvelously into the ring of the metal it was scarce possible to tell where the one ceased and the other commenced. And each man worked with a candle plastered against the wall with a lump of clay, so placed as to throw the best light on the head of his drill. What with the strange aggregation of unwonted sounds, the swaying lines of black bodies, wet and naked, and the constant succession of little flashes from the quartz pebbles reached by the flicker of the candles, the effect was as weird and as unearthly, yet as wonderful and as interesting, as could be found anywhere in the world.

By-and-by we climbed up the stope to the trolleys and tramped toward the end of the gallery till we discovered the vent of another stope that slanted down from a higher level. When we had scrambled up this and turned a corner we espied an air drill we had heard booming through the mine. A white "baas" was in charge, and was assisted by two negroes. The long steel drill hammered away with a rapidity and a concussion that recalled the rattle of a Maxim gun. A fine white powder sifted out of the hole as the drill sank, and covered the men near it till they wore the aspect of millers. So great was the din that when the machine stopped the silence for a moment was simply awful. But presently we heard what seemed to be rain dropping on the roof, a soft patter that made us look up, and then laugh, when it occurred to us that the ceiling overhead was eleven hundred feet of solid rock! It was the tap-tap of the hand-drills in the next stope. After climbing a set of slippery ladders up black stopes alongside the hoisting ways, we emerged upon a station where hoisting was in progress, and, appropriating an empty skip, we rose to "grass" again, very muddy, very tired and very sore.

ABOUT GOLD.

TREASURY officials at Washington are gratified at the rise in freight rates on gold export shipments and think it will have the effect of preventing, at this time, large gold exports.

Experts at the capital calculate that under the old rates for gold shipments (1.32) it cost $965 to ship $1,000,000 in gold to London. The new rate (1.52) makes the cost $1,500 for $1,000,000.

Under the old freight rate, with all charges paid, it was estimated that gold could be exported at a profit, with sterling exchange at $4.88⅞. With the advance in freight rates, it is said that gold cannot be exported at a profit when exchange is below $4.89¼.

It is not known definitely what induced the steamship companies to increase the gold freight rate, but it is thought that the Post-Office authorities, who select the fast steamers to carry foreign mails, may have had something to do with the advance.

The gold exportations May 7 aggregated $2,300,000, and the steamship "Columbia" of the Hamburg-American line carried the entire amount. Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co. shipped $1,700,000, Baring, Magoun & Co. shipped $500,000, and Zimmermann & Forshay shipped $100,000. In addition to the gold the "Columbia" carried to Europe 50,000 ounces of silver, shipped by Handy & Harman.

PENSIONS IN CONGRESS.

SEVENTY-TWO private pension bills were acted upon in the House May 6 in Committee of the Whole. The bills approved and those to be passed when the Invalid Pension Committee shall have its second day are from a class of applicants who have been rejected by the Pension Bureau under the law, and most of the applicants would go without pensions if there were not this final appeal to Congress.

The bill granting a pension to Elizabeth W. Sutherland, widow of Surgeon Sutherland, was passed, with an amendment, reducing the amount from seventy-five dollars to fifty dollars a month.

A bill to increase the pension of the widow of ex-Senator George E. Spencer of Alabama from eight dollars to thirty dollars a month gave rise to an animated debate. Mr. Stewart (Rep., N. J.) endeavored unsuccessfully to have the Senate bill, giving a pension of seventy-five dollars a month, substituted for the House bill. He made an appeal to the House to consider the claim of the widow of this gallant soldier, colonel of the first regiment of Union soldiers from Alabama, who now, in her old age and poverty, asked the Congress to grant this pitiful sum.

Mr. Hull (Rep., Ia.) objected to the substitution. He said the claimant was only about forty years old, and two years ago was the picture of good health. She did not marry Senator Spencer until fifteen or twenty years after the war, and he was opposed to giving her any such pension as the Senate proposed. He was willing that she should have thirty dollars a month. The bill carrying that amount was favorably acted upon.

In the bill to pension the widow of Secretary W. Q. Gresham, Mr. Crowther (Rep., Mo.) moved to reduce the amount from one hundred dollars to fifty dollars a month. This motion was lost, after being antagonized by Messrs. Pickler (Rep., S. D.), Curtis (Rep., N. Y.), Cannon (Rep., Ill.) and Evans (Rep., Ky.), who eulogized the services of General Gresham to the country in military and civil positions.

The House Committee on Pensions has ordered a favorable report on the bill granting an increase of pensions to the survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars, and to their widows. The measure provides that from and after its passage all pensions which have been or which may hereafter be allowed to Mexican and Indian war survivors and their widows under the provisions and conditions contained in the act of January, 1887, and the acts of 1832 and 1842, shall be rated and paid at twelve dollars per month, with a proviso that no widow who was not married to the soldier or sailor prior to March 19, 1886, should be entitled to the benefits of the act.

CANADIAN STATESMANSHIP.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Canada's new Premier, has issued a manifesto to the electors of Canada in which he gives his reasons for asking their support at the coming elections. He claims that the Conservative party has consistently adhered to certain fixed principles of government as being best adapted to the needs of the country, while the course of the Liberal party has been vacillating and uncertain, whether in relation to fiscal matters or the general development of Canadian interests, and makes a strong appeal to the electors for their support in maintaining the national policy.

He refers to the steps taken by the Government to secure a better steamship service on the Atlantic between Canada and Great Britain, and says that by reason of Canada's geographical position and the speed of the proposed service Canada will, when the service has been started, receive a large share of the traffic of the Western States.

Closely associated with the improvements of the steamship service on the Atlantic is the project of making Canada the chief highway between Great Britain and Australia and between Great Britain and the East.

Sir Charles says the Government will adhere to its policy regarding remedial legislation in connection with the Manitoba schools. The national defenses are to be strengthened and efforts made to induce immigration. Negotiations looking to the admission of Newfoundland into the Canadian Federation are also to be resumed.

Sir Charles Tupper reached Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the 7th inst., to open the Dominion election campaign at the scene of the Catholic Parochial School question, which has been made the chief issue. Sir Charles is expected to make announcements of great importance to Canada during his stay in the disturbed Province.

SACRED OXEN.

IN the island of Ceylon, among its domesticated animals, is a breed of cattle known as the sacred running oxen. They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding thirty inches in height. One that was sent to England was only twenty-two inches high and weighed one hundred and nine and one-half pounds. In Ceylon these sacred oxen are used for making quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads. Four of them can pull a two-wheeled cart with a two hundred-pound load of miscellaneous matter from sixty to seventy miles a day. In ancient Egypt the cow was a sacred animal, as were also the bulls Apis and Mueves. At present the cow is worshiped among all Hindus; and the Banjara are perhaps the only race in British India that apply the cow to labor.

FRENCH GUIANA.

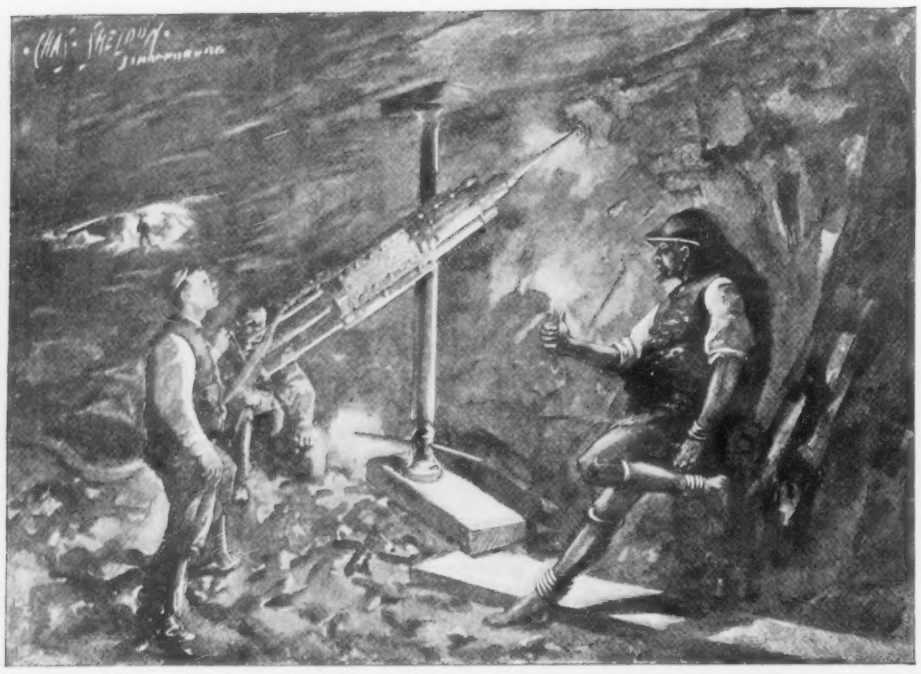
THE *Politique Colonial* of Paris says that it learns that the position of the French in the disputed territory of Guiana is increasingly precarious, owing to the support the squatters receive from the Brazilian Government. More Brizilians are said to be entering the country in dispute, and much anxiety is felt, in consequence, at Cayenne.

CUBAN CHINESE.

FOUR carloads of Chinese laborers passed through Ogden, Utah, May 4, on their way to Havana. They were traveling under contract with the Chinese Six Companies and came direct from Hong Kong. They were met at San Francisco by special deputy United States Marshals, whose duty it was to see the Chinese transported across the continent according to law. They go to Havana via Denver and New Orleans.

CONNECTICUT.

ON the authority of reports received from Hartford, the *Leader*, a Republican newspaper of New Haven, printed on May 5, as the explanation of ex-Governor Bulkeley's visit to McKinley, a plan to have the McKinley men at the St. Louis convention support Senator Hawley of the Nutmeg State for Vice-President. This, in the *Leader's* opinion, would aim at obtaining the support of the Connecticut and other New England delegates for McKinley, and with Hawley's resignation and the appointment by Governor Coffin of Mr. Bulkeley to the vacancy, the Senatorial plans of Mr. Fessenden would be thwarted.



AIR DRILL AT WORK IN A TRANSVAAL GOLD MINE.

THE OLYMPIAN FESTIVAL.

In spite of recent reverses and disappointments, Greece has scored a genuine triumph—unexpected, but fairly won. The first quadrennial meeting of the International Olympian Association, held in the violet-crowned city, the capital of the classic home of athleticism, has earned for the Greeks golden opinions, both for their welcome, their hearty hospitality, and the sportsmanlike acclamation accorded to foreign competitors and victors, as well as for their own very creditable achievements in the contests. This is all the more remarkable as up to a couple of years ago there was hardly a trace of inclination for athletic exercises among those who could lay claim to the heritage of the most unrivaled record of athletic feats the world has ever known. But there is some virtue in good blood, after all; and never has its enduring worth been more brilliantly demonstrated than when the young Greek peasant, Sotirios Loues, amid the indescribable transports of enthusiasm of assembled thousands, reached the goal, in the restored Stadion of Athens, a victor in the long race from Marathon. The second and also the third in the race were Greeks, leaving in the rear their Hungarian, American and Australian competitors.

Our illustration shows the ancient Stadion, as restored for the new Olympian festivals by the munificence of George Averoff, a rich Greek merchant at Alexandria, and one of those sturdy Epirotes to whose patriotic liberality modern Athens owes the finest of her public institutions. As Sotirios repeated, after two thousand three hundred and eighty-six years, the feat of Thersippos, so Averoff emulates in public spirit Herodes Atticus, of whom it was said that "of all mankind he had made the best use of his wealth." Herodes had rebuilt entirely of marble the Panathenaic Stadion, which was spoken of as "a work surpassing all marvels."

CABLE TO JAPAN.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has at last reached a compromise on the bills before it for the construction of a cable to Japan by way of Hawaii.

There has been a conflict between the Spaulding Company, which had secured a franchise from the Government of Hawaii, and the Scrymser Company, the latter offering to construct a line to Japan for the same bonus asked by the other company for like services extending only as far as Hawaii. There appeared to be no possibility of an agreement in the committee owing to the refusal of the Democratic members of the committee to indorse any scheme carrying with it a subsidy, and the equal division of the Republicans, together with the vote of Senator Morgan.

The compromise measure which Senator Frye was directed to report is in the shape of a bill directing the Postmaster-General to contract with the lowest bidder for the construction of a telegraphic cable between the United States and Japan, by the way of Hawaii and the Midway Islands.

It is stipulated that the price shall not be in excess of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year, and that after the payment of this sum for a period of twenty years, during which time and forever afterward the company shall carry Government messages free of all cost, it shall cease.

These are practically the terms offered by the Scrymser Company.

A LONELY CASTAWAY.

There is another floating wreck which is making a record for itself. For a long time the hulk of an abandoned schooner was reported as observed by mariners adrift in the track of sailing vessels and steamers. It had traveled many thousands of miles, and every now and then it reappears. The derelict is the Boston schooner "Alma Cummings," once a lumber-laden ship, and abandoned by the crew in February, 1895, about two hundred and fifty miles from the Delaware capes. The vessel was seen on fire two days after its abandonment, and since then it has drifted from place to place in the Atlantic. Its first course was northwesterly, directly into the path of the transatlantic steamers. Then it proceeded southward, and was reported recently as being in latitude 35 degrees 34 minutes north, and longitude 40 degrees 17 minutes west. The hydrographers watch the movements of these ships closely, not only because they are a constant and uncertain danger to mariners, but because they may tell something of ocean currents.

CALIFORNIA AND ELSEWHERE.

The indorsement given by the Republican State convention of California May 6 was gratifying to ex-Governor McKinley. He was at home in Canton, O., waiting to hear from the State of the Pacific coast—indeed, he is always at hand within easy call when he is expecting news from a State convention—and with joy which could not be concealed learned what he had anticipated and with strong reason suspected, that California had declared for McKinley.

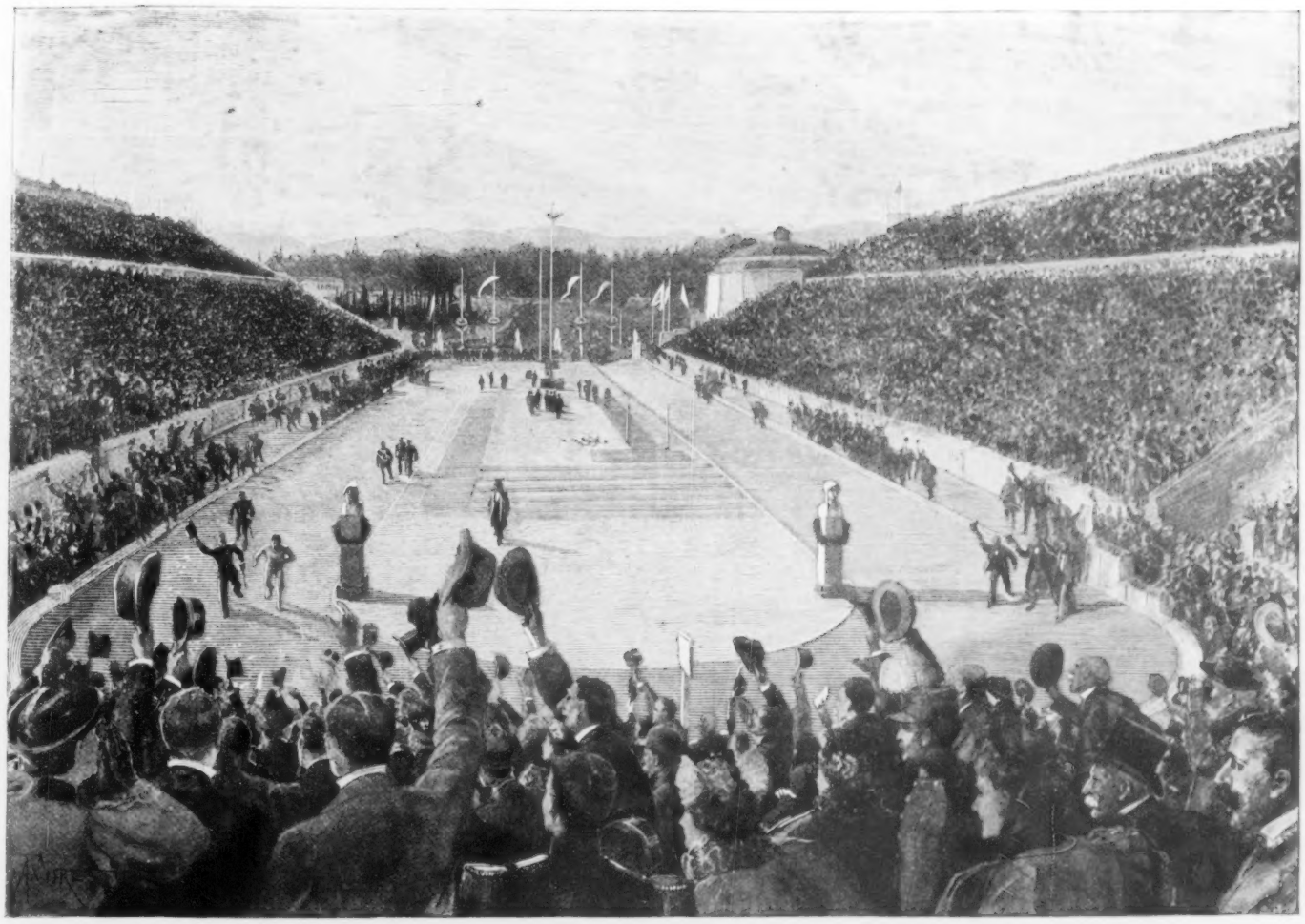
The telephone kept a constant ting-a-ling, and congratulations came to him from home friends when they learned that there was no slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, or something to that effect, in results from California.

Among the many callers in Canton the night the news came from California was T. J. Anderson of Topeka, delegate-at-large from Kansas to St. Louis. He said the people of the West well know the position of McKinley on the money question. They know he believes in having every dollar good as the Government itself. There can be no question as to that, he says, and the men of all classes in the West are loud in their call for the advance agent of prosperity to become dispenser of happiness by giving just laws and good government.

Apropos to the recent interchange of inkwells and pistol-talk between the people's representatives in New York and Washington, the New York *Tribune* says: "Now that Messrs. Money and Hall have buried the hatchet, the inkstand and all unkindness, why shouldn't Messrs. Fitch and Roosevelt shake hands across the bloody chasm and the contingent fund?"

"Once let the people get the notion that they are smashing machines and beating bosses," says the Albany *Argus*, "and they will nominate anybody or anything."

IN A TRANSVAAL GOLD MINE.



REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.—LOUES WINNING THE RACE FROM MARATHON.—*Illustrated London News.*

SINKING OF THE OLD DOMINION LINER "WYANOKE" AFTER COLLISION WITH THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

The other day a writer in one of the local papers stated that the summer girl was "in our midst." What he meant by that I leave to you. Besides, apart from the eccentricity of the remark, I have yet to learn what kind of a creature the summer girl may be. There is one fact, though, which many preceding seasons has taught me—that in all the world there is not a more fetching set of young women than those that drive up Fifth Avenue of a spring afternoon and return again just in time to intercept the dusk. In Baltimore the average girl may be prettier, in Philadelphia doubtless she is more sedate, and in Boston I am convinced that she is better read; that much, at least, experience and travelers' tales have taught me. But I do contend that nowhere, on this side of the water or on the other, will you see girls that are better dressed, more alluring of face and more charmful of manner than on Fifth Avenue on a radiant April afternoon.

Talking of pretty things, there has been a lot of comment lately about a lady who has had her teeth filled—yet not with gold, if you please, but with diamonds. After all, why not? Though unusual here, it is common enough in Brazil, and in the old days, when Peru was rich, it was there commoner still. Besides, don't you remember the fairy tale about the little princess from whose mouth when she spoke there fell jewels and gems? It was a delightful little story full of gleams and suggestions; yet don't you think if you told it to an up-to-date dentist he might declare that the teeth of that little princess had not been properly filled?

At what age does a man work best? You will say between twenty-five and forty, and that indeed used to be the accepted period. But see how the old order of things is being reversed. Chauncey Depew recently celebrated his sixty-third birthday, and, strange as it may seem, utilized the occasion to make a few remarks. Among other things he stated that he is able to do now more work and better work with less worry and with less fatigue than at any other time; in short that mentally and physically he is stronger than before. But I take it that to every man whose life has been reasonably temperate some such experience as that must come. The athlete is at his best at twenty-five—better able then than later to take part in Olympian games. But at forty, though his agility has waned, his endurance has increased, and at sixty a man unbroken by over-exertion in earlier life is trained to a maximum of work with a minimum of effort. He has then ceased to worry, ceased to experiment, ceased to perplex himself with those problems which haunt the minds and hearts of younger men. Though he has lost many an illusion he has gained plenty of experience. He knows not only what to do, but how to do it. The mental labor which previously may have been a tax is now a pleasure. If the vaulting ambition of adolescence has not overleaped itself, he is of good cheer, reasonable and temperate in all things, and vexed, if at all, only at being termed an Old Man.

It seems trite to say that this is the age of marvels, and yet there are so many fresh inventions that before you have had a chance to digest the last one, presto! there is a new one to the fore. Barring the X rays, one of the most interesting is the vitascope, which, as you are aware, is an instrument that projects on a screen life-size kinetoscope pictures. At a recent exhibition in Paris I sat in an orchestra chair and saw an express train coming down-grade, full tilt, straight at me. There was nothing lacking in the realism of it except the absence of the roar and rumble. And suddenly it slacked and stopped, passengers alighted, others got in, and away it went in a whirlwind of dust and smoke. It was not only marvelous, it was uncanny. Now we are to have something else. It is over twenty years since the world first laughed at Keeley and his motor. Last week Mr. Lascelles-Scott, the English authority on chemistry and physics, who came from London solely to investigate the man and the method, stated that he was fully satisfied with the facts of the invention, that the "etheric vapor" which used to amuse us so is not a myth, but a hitherto undiscovered force of which the possibilities are even greater than those of the X rays, that in no time at all electricity as a motor will be replaced by ether, and the era of traveling in airships begun. That makes one dream, does it not?

Apropos to the marvelous, the Theosophists, who have been holding a congress in New York, have a few things to remember and a great many to forget—to forget among other things that we have any use for esoteric doctrines, and to remember that Buddhism, of which their creed is an offshoot, was one of the simplest of the religions of the world, a plain law for plain men, one in which there was nothing occult, one which as taught by the founder had no legerdemain or mahatmas in it, one which exacted of the adherent little more than sincerity and sobriety and a belief in the final remission of sin. If it has become more complex since, the fault lies with just such people as the Theosophists, who seem to think that, being nimnies themselves, there must be plenty more just like them. In that they are right, and if they would take the trouble to read the lessons of the Buddha as translated by Max Muller they would find they are right in that alone.

There is a statement running through the press that novel-writing no longer pays in book form and that the only way an author can make both ends meet is by writing for the magazines. That is all nonsense. There has not been for years and years a time so propitious for the novelist as the present. Apart from certain exports of English writers, there has not been a really good novel on the market for an age. Put one on, if haply you know how, and it will sell, and sell by the carload at that. The trouble isn't with the public in the least. Novel-readers have not all become bicycle fiends, and during the past season the theaters have been full every night. The novel-reading public has plenty of time to spare, plenty of money to spend. But it does not want to waste that time and in exchange for coin it does want its money's worth. In England a novelist who has succeeded in making himself a favorite earns enough to run a yacht, to run a newspaper I was going to say, for that is about the most expensive toy on earth, and there is not a valid reason why his American cousin should not see him at it and go him one better, too.

In Spain some time ago I went to a bull-fight—not from choice particularly, nor for the pleasure of it, but because it is the unfortunate duty of the moralist to see all things, the base as well as the beautiful. It was a revolting spectacle, but last week I saw one which was worse. In compliance with Chapter 489, Laws of the State of New York and the amendments thereto, relative to the infliction of the death penalty, I was invited to Sing Sing to be present as a witness at the execution of a wife-murderer. There are many invitations which I have received and declined, but I never accepted one that I regretted more. The hour set was eleven, forenoon. It was a lovely morning; the sky was cloudless as eternity, the Hudson unruffled as Time. As I entered the death chamber there came to greet me the clean smell of fresh paint. The room was large and oblong; the floor was in dead rose, the ceiling pale yellow. The walls were bare, but about them, through a pretty conceit, ran a frieze of overlapping circles, each a symbol of that which is without a beginning and which shall have no end. The windows, of frosted glass, let through them the blue of the sky, the radiance of an April day. The place was bright with color, alive with the witcheries of spring—suggested far more of birth than of death. As I looked about it occurred to me that I must have erred, that I had come not to an execution but to a festival. Then I remembered that in earlier days, when the world went slower, death was a festival; it was birth that was regarded as a grievous thing, and I decided that the Warden must be more of a classicist than his invitation had disclosed. About one division of the room seats had been arranged semicircularwise. In the center of the other was a chair, similar to that which barbers use; beneath it was a thin carpet of rubber and across the arms a board had been laid in which were bulbs of glass. On the sides and legs of the chair there were bands of leather, open now and pendent. To the left of the chair was a low door; it was guarded. To the right, concealed by woodwork, an electrician stood, his hand on a knob. Then suddenly the bulbs of glass blazed with light, subsided and blazed anew. The electrician was testing the current. It was to his liking apparently, for the bulbs of glass disappeared. Where they went I had not time to see. The guarded door had opened and into the room there came a man whose eyes were half-closed, but in his face was that expression which those have who are at peace at last with the world and with themselves. In his hand was a crucifix and beside him was a priest of the Catholic Church.

"Commend your soul to God," the priest admonished in German.

"I do commend it," the prisoner answered. "Say good-by to all."

"Good-by, Karl," the priest replied, and then added, in touching after-thought, "Auf wiederschen." He looked about. In his face was an anxious sympathy. Hurriedly he translated the prisoner's farewell and turned to his charge anew, comforting him in sagacious ways, insisting on fresher prayers, making him feel that there was some one there who cared for him and who was suffering, too.

"Repeat what I taught you," he continued. And you could hear the felon, seated now, bound and almost gagged, repeating determinedly:

> "Jesus! dir leb' ich.
> Jesus! dir sterb' ich.
> Dein bin ich todt und lebendig."

The crucifix was taken, and dumbly now from the bound wrist the hand from which it had gone groped for it. On the room a silence had fallen, interrupted by a sizz—the buzz of electricity burrowing in a prey that quivered, expanded and then relaxed. Again the current was applied. The muscles of the body distended till they seemed about to snap the bands. The eyes had retreated in the sockets, to the face a bluish flush had come and you could see the tongue doubled against the teeth. But from the priest still there fell the music and encouragements of the beautiful Commendatio Animæ, yet slowly now and to himself, as though conscious that the dead are beyond the ministrations of the living.

Kyrie eleison, Christie eleison—with those words in my ears I turned to go. Beyond in the open the sky was still unclouded, the river ran unruffled as before. Like the circles on the frieze in that room, both represented the Eternity into which that man had been flung.

The flight of the song-birds from the Metropolitan Opera House, which occurred last week, marks that season in New York when theatrical impresarii begin to prepare for empty houses and the roof-garden managers light their lamps. Presently those who like to be entertained will have to find that entertainment at home or else take it a quarter of a mile up in the air, at representations in which the only stars are those which the heavens provide. I have asked a number of wise men, but no one yet has been able to explain why these roof-garden affairs are so poor. The music is bad, the refreshments are bad, the service is bad, and what goes on on the stage is on a par with the rest. Years ago, when roof-gardens were a novelty, there used to be some rattling good shows. They were packed, too, with smart people. Nowadays, save at the beginning of the season, the frequenters look exactly what they are and nothing more uncomplimentary can be said of them.

Dr. Janet, a thinker much better known in Europe than in America, has recently published some interesting researches in what he terms the Caves of the Soul. According to him the soul beneath its visible dwelling possesses caves and cellars in which strange tenants lodge. These tenants, the misfits and remnants of memory, move and have their being in the lost lands of unconsciousness. Sometimes they appear to us in dream, sometimes under hypnotic suggestion, and again in certain morbid conditions of the mind. Our individuality is multiple, and half of one's self may be ignorant of what the other half is about. Briefly, man is a bundle of ideas and sensations which in health are entirely co-ordinate, but which under other conditions become disordered and awry. EDGAR SALTUS.

FEMALE VERSUS MALE LABOR.

BY HERBERT E. CLAMP.

ONE of the most serious and difficult questions connected with industrial affairs of the past decade has been the severe competition engendered in many branches of work by the introduction of female labor. Many occupations have, indeed, been comparatively closed to men since women entered them and, by offering their services for lower wages, obtained a monopoly of the market.

To blame woman for thus availing herself of opportunities which were awaiting her would be both ridiculous and futile. The opening up of occupations for women who are thrown upon their own resources is indeed a matter which should be more a subject for congratulation than anything else. The fact remains, nevertheless, that by the introduction of female labor on so gigantic a scale the demand for male labor has been decreased and the standard of remuneration for its work consequently lowered.

It is the cry of a great many women claiming to represent their sex, and generally connected with the woman suffrage or some other movement, that female labor should be compensated at the same rate as male labor. "For equal work equal pay" is their motto. There can be no doubt whatever of the justice of this claim, which is also heartily indorsed by the labor unions.

By establishing the same rate of wages for the female as for the male the question of unfair competition would also be removed and both sexes would stand an equal chance in the competitive market. There are, doubtless, many women whose services are equal to those of men in occupations where both are competitors. There are other occupations, involving great physical strain, where women are altogether at a disadvantage compared with males. Although their capacity for endurance may be equal, the same task allotted to both will produce a far greater strain upon the woman than upon the man It is under such circumstances as this that the two sexes are unequally yoked, and, having in mind the fact that the maternal functions of woman entitle her to a different consideration than that accorded to man, it would be both wise and humane to see that their tasks are differentiated.

The shortening of the hours of labor for women and children should therefore be one of the first considerations for our lawmakers, because it would be productive of a doubly beneficent effect. It would prevent the degeneration of the race consequent upon the too severe physical strain placed upon the woman, and would, by reducing the amount of female labor, leave more opportunities open for the male.

There is another point to be considered in connection with this matter, which is generally lost sight of by economic writers. While a man, upon quitting the factory or workshop is generally free from further labor for the day, a woman often has her share of housework to do after the grind at the mill is over. In many cases she has the entire work of a household to attend to, and in any event she will have the mending and making of her own clothes to look after, and other duties from which men are entirely exempt. It would only be fair, therefore, that the hours of toil at the loom or elsewhere should be shortened for the weaker sex, in compliance with the ordinary laws of humaneness and hygiene.

In the recent report of the State Factory Inspector for Pennsylvania Deputy Inspectress Mary O'Reilly makes an earnest plea for shorter hours for women and children employed in factories. Inspectress O'Reilly, who has every opportunity for seeing the actual effect of the hard work put upon women in such places, states in most unqualified terms that unless we want to have the American race physically deteriorated by the strain of long hours and mechanical drudgery some legislation must at once be introduced to ameliorate their condition. The Inspectress does not refer to one important point upon which the public is not so well informed as it might be in regard to factory occupations, but which must necessarily be mentioned here. The question will at once be asked by the superficial thinker: "Why is this cry on behalf of the women raised now? They have been employed in factories for so many years that it is strange something was not said before. Why has not the race deteriorated heretofore?"

Possibly it has deteriorated somewhat, but there has been another very important change in factory work during the last few years. The custom of "speeding" the machinery is one of the new instruments of torture which the Moloch of competition has introduced into the factory, and the pace at which the workers are driven is increased enormously from that of former times. In the United States the practice of "speeding" has become such a fine art that our manufacturers are able, even without a protective tariff, to compete in many lines with European manufacturers. The fact is supposed to be due to the superiority of the American workman and workwoman, to a superior intelligence based upon a higher grade of living. It is just as much due to the system of "speeding," as it is termed in our factories, which expression literally means extracting the utmost amount of muscle and energy from the workers. Owing to this system many of the factory "hands" are in a state of complete exhaustion when the time comes for them to leave the mill. A comparison of the death rate among the people engaged in this class of occupation and that of those in other lines of work would demonstrate very forcibly the result of the "speeding" system.

This, then, will explain why there is genuine need for shortening the hours of labor for women. It will be well to quote a portion of Miss O'Reilly's report to show how she views the matter under consideration and what she has to say of the condition of these women. She reports further on:

"It is a pity our representatives cannot learn for

themselves the great need for limiting the hours of labor for women as well as minors. Could they know, as we know, how these creatures crave for this boon, they would certainly concede it. The argument that is usually advanced in support of their negative position is that adult woman should be privileged to work as long as she chooses. In this way they are quite right, only they have not gone far enough. They have not sought to learn her choice, or, if they did, even a less limit than sixty hours would be allowed her as a matter of her own choosing."

Continuing, Inspectress O'Reilly says of the factory female: "It may be that these beings were intended to fill the places of women, but their very industrial environment being utterly slavish soon makes of them not subjects for home grace and beauty, but rather a physically degenerating class fit only for medical treatment in the hospital and home."

This is a terrible picture of an actual condition of affairs visible to any one who will venture to take a tour of any of our large manufacturing establishments. It is not consistent with American principles, tastes or intentions that it should be so.

We are apt to refer to the scale of civilization which permits of women doing agricultural work as something entirely beneath our own, and to pride ourselves upon the handsome manner in which we treat our own women. There can be no doubt, however, that the poor, overdriven female factory slave works harder and under more unhealthful conditions than the women engaged at agricultural pursuits in Europe.

The elevation of the masses certainly cannot be brought about by such a condition of affairs. What kind of minds can these women possess, let alone bodies, who have to leave the loom only to pick up the needle or washboard, and who have no more time or inclination for cultivating social graces or even ideas than the machinery they have been tending? It is useless to say, Why do not their fathers, husbands or brothers protect them from such unnatural treatment? The very fact that the woman is so driven and pushed and enters with him as an equal competitor in the market deprives him of the power to provide for her properly, whatever relation she may bear to him.

Again, the lives of these people become so sordid, owing to the intensity of the struggle for existence, that they lose somewhat of the gallantry which is usual, even among the lower animals, from one sex to the other. An instance of this, and one which also shows the heartlessness of the employers of a certain class, is mentioned by Miss O'Reilly in her report. She says: "Only the other day I had occasion to inquire into the circumstances of a child whom I found at work who was twelve years of age. She was a Russian by birth, the oldest of five children. She was receiving one dollar and twenty cents per week for sixty hours' time. When I questioned her employer as to his knowledge of the Hebrew Charities, and the possibility of their providing for the welfare of this child, who was too young to work under the law, he made answer in the most profuse manner: 'Oh, yes, ma'am, I am one of its chief supporters.' Yes, he would use child labor and its results to aid him in his ambition to be one of the chief supporters of an organized charity and thereby be a party to a condition which is fraught with a pauperization of a goodly per cent of the people who must become dependent upon such-like charities."

Unfortunately, without wishing to be offensive to our adopted countrymen, a great deal of the fiercest competition involving the degradation of women and children has been introduced into this country from Europe. The question is, Are we to have such ideas foisted upon us and to allow them to become part of our own system without raising a protest? Or are we to apply American traditions and doctrines to the labor question as well as to others and by that means lead civilization upward by constitutional and proper methods?

By raising the standard of the worker we do everything for the prosperity of the country at large, and a radical reduction in the hours of labor for women and children should be one of the first questions to receive the consideration of the Legislature and the hearty co-operation of the labor unions.

DR. PUPIN'S ILLNESS.

THE severe illness of Dr. M. I. Pupin of Columbia College illustrates the most recent case of immolation upon the altar of science. Ever since the first tidings of Professor Roentgen's famous discovery were ticked over to this side of the Atlantic Pupin has been a tireless investigator of the X ray phenomena. From a purely scientific point of view his experiments have been regarded as the most valuable yet made in this country. In his recent address before the Academy of Sciences in New York, Pupin very strongly combated many of the opinions advanced by Nicola Tesla in regard to the new force, and it was generally conceded that he had somewhat the best of the argument. Although Dr. Pupin's trouble is pneumonia, he has undoubtedly broken down his health by the severe strain which he put upon himself by night and day work in the laboratory. His illness, if it becomes nothing worse, will be a severe blow to science, as it is learned from his physician that it will not be possible for him to do any more work this year. But for his sickness Dr. Pupin would have delivered the lecture on X rays at the National Electrical Exposition now in progress in New York City.

Pupin is a Servian by birth, while Tesla is a Montenegrin. Although a graduate of Columbia, he has his diploma from the Berlin University and spent two years at the University of Cambridge, England. It has been considered that his work would take rank with that of Lenard, Hertz and other distinguished investigators of the phenomena of cathode rays, as he is a devoted experimenter, imbued with genuine scientific enthusiasm and a wonderful capacity for application.

An extremely pathetic incident occurred in connection with Dr. Pupin's illness. His wife, who was a daughter of Mrs. William Jackson of Yonkers, was constantly in attendance at the bedside of her famous husband. Previous to having this strain put upon her Mrs. Pupin had nursed each of her three children through dangerous sicknesses. When Dr. Pupin's condition became so serious that he was unconscious Mrs. Pupin's strength gave way and she also was put to bed. Symptoms of pneumonia rapidly developed, and before Dr. Pupin had recovered sufficiently to inquire for her she had passed away.

The following is an exact account of Dr. Pupin's career, taken directly from his own statement. He was born at Idovor on the military frontier of Austria in 1858. In 1873 he reached the United States and entered the School of Arts, Columbia College, in 1879, graduating with honors in classics and mathematics in 1883. He was appointed John Tyndall Fellow for the first time the Fellowship was awarded at Columbia. From 1883 to 1885 Pupin studied mathematics at the favorite home of that branch of learning, Cambridge University, England. From 1885 to 1888 Professor Pupin studied mathematical and experimental physics at the University of Berlin, under Professor von Helmholtz, receiving his doctor's degree in 1889. His doctor dissertation was on "Osmotic Pressure and its Relation to Free Energy." Returning to Columbia College, Dr. Pupin became instructor in mathematical physics and adjunct professor of mechanics in 1892.

Among the researches made by Professor Pupin the principal ones are: "Repulsion Between Electrical Discharge Streamers," "Electrical Discharges in Poor Vacua," "Electrical Resonance at Low Frequencies," "Resonance Analysis of Alternating Currents." Dr. Pupin is a constant contributor of scientific articles to the technical press. He is an associate member of the American Institute Electrical Engineers, member of American Mathematical Society and New York Academy of Sciences, also vice-president of the New York Electrical Society.

PUBLIC OPINION

AS TO THE TRANSVAAL.

THE New York *Sun* is no lover of England, and England's peculiar methods, especially in her foreign relations, receive but scant courtesy in that quarter, whenever some unexpected disclosure brings them under editorial scrutiny. Such an occasion was furnished by the recent Transvaal scandal, and the *Sun* was not slow to seize an opportunity to tell some plain, wholesome truths. The popular demand in England for the liberation of the Englishmen convicted of treason against the Transvaal Republic is taken as the text for the following pertinent remarks:

"The London press has distinguished itself during the last few days by proclaiming that there is one law for Englishmen and another for outsiders, and that independent nations, if they happen also to be weak, have no rights that a British subject is bound to respect. Political offenses, if committed by Englishmen against a foreign Government, ought, they say, to go scot free, whereas, if acts of the same kind are done in England, they must receive condign punishment. Let us compare the unanimous demands of London newspapers as to the treatment of the Englishmen convicted of crimes against the South African Republic with the position which they have taken repeatedly, and would be certain to take again, if the proof of treason were brought home to Irishmen in English courts."

The *Sun* then shows that the trial judge at Pretoria had no alternative but to impose sentences of death and that President Krueger, by exerting executive clemency and commuting the sentences, "has shown himself far more humane than were the British authorities, who, during the four years following the forcible suppression of Transvaal independence, condemned to the scaffold several Hollanders accused of treason and caused the sentence to be carried out."

"We know," continues the *Sun*, "how England would have acted in like circumstances, because we know what she has done in the past. For upward of a century Irishmen have held toward the British Government a position precisely analogous to that occupied by the resident aliens in Johannesburg toward the Government at Pretoria. Irishmen have demanded self-government, and, failing to get it by peaceable means, they have resorted to violence and intimidation. In every case, when there has been such a recourse to force, the men found guilty of political offenses against the British Government have been punished with death, with transportation or with prolonged imprisonment. . . . Before Englishmen protest so vehemently against any serious punishment of political offenders in the Transvaal they had better atone for their bloody record in Ireland by releasing Irish political offenders from their living graves in English jails."

Speaking on the same topic the San Francisco *Chronicle* thinks that the experience will be a severe lesson to those who were engaged in that questionable enterprise; that it "will probably have the effect, for a time, at least, of putting an end to the British conspiracy to subvert the independence of the Boers, for it is not unlikely that the men who got into a mess through the machinations of the South African Chartered Company, and were practically deserted by it, will care to engage in any more doubtful enterprises for its benefit."

A CLIMAX OF BIGOTRY.

The New York *Recorder* compares the outcry of the A.P.A. against the placing in the Capitol at Washington of a statue of Pere Marquette, to Mark Twain weeping over Adam's grave. It is the only humorous parallel that can be recalled. Continuing, the *Recorder* says:

"Neither agnostic nor Protestant nor Catholic can be barred out of the American Temple of Fame because of his creed or his lack of one. Perhaps most of the men who have left their impress on the ages have believed in something that everybody does not believe in. Faith is a characteristic of strong characters in all races and at all times.

"Petty animosities should cease after a man has been dead two hundred years. Pere Marquette lived at a time when witches and Quakers were being burned in Protestant old and New England. His age was an age of hardness, of intolerance, of bigotry. That he was ahead of it is amply attested by his career. So much can hardly be said of the people who are protesting against the acceptance of his statue."

THE WAGE-EARNER AGAIN.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, quoting Hon. Perry Belmont as authority, cites the fact that in the last census year the enormous sum of $2,283,215,529 was paid out in this country for wages and salaries, and argues that "it is the men who thus earn a living who would be 'assailed by the cheaper dollar.' The purchasing power of their income would be reduced, and the prices of all the necessities of life would be increased. Obviously, therefore, such citizens are the ones who can least afford to vote for free silver."

POETRY IN PARLIAMENT.

"Mr. Chamberlain," says the *Saturday Review*, "has a weakness for quoting poetry in his speeches, which he probably learned from his early master, Mr. John Bright, who was always quoting second and third-rate stuff from American versifiers. Quotation should be very sparingly resorted to in rhetoric, though its happy use is, of course, one of the most successful tricks of the trade. It is remarkable how seldom men of literary training like Mr. John Morley, whose mind must be full of tags, ever employ the device. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Arthur Balfour never quote—the former probably because he is rather a lover of science than of letters, the latter perhaps because, as he says of himself, he is not a classical scholar. Mr. Gladstone used to quote a good deal, Latin and English, but Lord Beaconsfield more rarely, though he once recited a long passage from Cicero—a most hazardous experiment. Sir William Harcourt is fond of an occasional quotation, which is always apt, but his familiarity with the literature of the last century is rather woven into his speeches than exhibited between inverted commas."

FLOWERS AND IMMORTALITY.

Mr. Labouchere in London *Truth*, referring to the observation of Beaconsfield's day and the decoration of the dead statesman's statue on that day, says: "I am somewhat of an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield. I do not suppose that he had the most elementary idea of principle, but there is something fascinating to the democratic mind in this obscure Hebrew, by the force of talent and determination, obliging the Tories, who began by sneering at him and reviling him, to accept him as their Leader, and to cringe before him as though he had been a divinity. The floral tributes to his statue in no way prove, however, that he was either a great or a good man. Long after Nero was dead, flowers were yearly deposited on his tomb by those faithful to his memory."

WHY NOT A BOUNTY?

Commenting on a recent disgraceful row between two members of Congress in a committee-room, *Life* says: "It seems proper to suggest that in cases of fights between Congressmen in committee-rooms, where no one is much hurt the combatants should pay for the damage done to the room, but where grave injuries are inflicted the Government should stand the expense. It is worth something to Uncle Sam this year to have an average Congressman permanently crippled."

THE MODERN NOVEL.

It may be a pessimistic view of the subject, but the following from the New Orleans *Picayune* is so true an outline of the average novel of to-day that it is worth repeating:

"Take a selfish and worldly husband, an oppressed and virtuous heroine, an artful and designing siren, and a hero in love with both. Let the first, by her purblind ingenuousness, irritate the husband and inflame the lover. Throw in an unnatural child, half angel, half devil, a general who uses familiar oaths, printed right off, a perspicacious maiden aunt, a very blank and cloistered 'juvenile lead,' and a rake of approved pattern; sprinkle liberally with descriptions of the heroine's personal beauty, especially insisting in every other page on her 'bowed mouth,' season with the bitterness of the hero's 'galled,' 'stung' and 'maddened' heart; boil on the fiery question of a woman's duty toward a husband with a past, and serve in a pale-green binding, with good print and paper inside."

UTOPIA.

Paris seems to be reforming—at least that is the inference to be drawn from the following paragraphs in the Paris correspondence of the London *Telegraph:*

"Criminals are becoming undoubtedly scarce in Paris, and we have had for a long time no Troppmenns, Pranzinis, Prados or Eyrauds. The decrease of crime is attributed to various causes. These are, from the point of view of the higher judicial authorities, the heavy punishment dealt out to organizers of gangs of thieves, burglars and general evildoers, the application of the Bertillon measurement system, the promulgation of the Berenger law, which gives first offenders a chance of being whitewashed, and the protection of destitute children. This last point is strongly insisted upon, as it is supposed that the care taken of the offspring of pauper or vicious parents has been a great factor in the prevention of crime.

"At the Police Headquarters the diminution of serious cases of burglary and the small number of murders committed inside the metropolis are attributed to the destruction of the organized confederations of bad characters who infested Paris a few years since, and to the strict continuous supervision of professional criminals. In any case, and from whatever cause, it is certain that there is a lull in crime."

FOR upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE RENDEZVOUS.—DUEL IN TH

EL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION.

The first national electrical exposition ever held in New York was opened at the Grand Central Palace of Industry on Monday evening last by Governor Morton. The method of doing this was as unique as the Exposition is wonderful. The golden key used by President Cleveland to start the machinery at the World's Fair also did justice on this occasion. In order to illustrate the wonderful application of electricity, at the same time the key set in motion at the Exhibition the thousands of exhibits congregated there it fired off simultaneously cannons in San Francisco, Augusta, St. Louis, New Orleans and Chicago, and a cable message went whirling round the globe. This, which would have appeared a miraculous feat to the world of even a quarter of a century ago, fittingly inaugurated one of the most interesting exhibitions ever held in the United States.

As our own has been designated the electric age, and this wonderful power has effected a revolution in so many important matters connected with our daily life, every one seems anxious to know as much as possible about it. This fact the projectors of the Exposition have kept steadily in view throughout, with the result that a person ignorant of even the rudiments of electrical science can, by spending a few hours at the Exposition, obtain a very good idea of its mysteries.

The Grand Central Palace is admirably adapted for the purposes of this Exhibition, and is most conveniently located for out-of-town visitors, being only a block or two from the Grand Central Depot, while convenient to elevated roads and cross-town car lines. The main Exhibition floor, situated on the second story, and reached by spacious elevators, covers an area of fifty-five thousand square feet. The center of the building is in the form of an arcade, and will seat over eight thousand persons. This space is, of course, now devoted, like the rest of the building, to exhibits. There is a large, well-equipped restaurant on the ground floor, and a roof-garden at the top, from which extensive views of the city can be obtained.

Another most important point is that the electrical equipment of the building is most complete, it being one of the best isolated plants in the city. This permits of a magnificent illuminating display, and the building at night represents a veritable slice out of fairyland, many new and unique devices for lighting being introduced, which add novelty and beauty to the Exposition.

The history of electricity as practically applied being confined to the past two decades, it has been possible to gather together the various links illustrating its progressive development. By this means one can see, almost at a glance, the gigantic strides made since Edison gave his first public exhibition of electric lighting at Menlo Park in 1880, which caused a sensation throughout the entire world. The relics and models of early inventions connected with telegraphy, telephony, illuminating, and other uses to which electrical force is applied, not only form a valuable historical exhibit, but enable one more readily to grasp the intricacies of later developments. These include collections from Cornell and Columbia Universities, the Patent Office, and from many individual sources, not the least interesting being a number of famous scientific curios owned by Professor R. Ogden Doremus. The exhibit of the Historical and Loan Exhibit Committee comprises the following articles:

1. Copy of the first wooden telegraph apparatus. 2. Certified copy of the Sully sketch-book. 3. Original pen and pencil notes of Morse relating to the telegraph. 4. Letters of Alfred Vail relating to the telegraph. 5. Letters of Peter Cooper. 6. Letters of Cyrus Field. 7. Original 1843 contract of Alfred Vail with Professor Morse. 8. Piece of shore end of Atlantic cable. 9. Pocket telegraph instrument presented to Professor Morse by J. D. Caton. 10. Decorations and medals received by Professor Morse from European Governments. 11. Marble bust of Professor Morse by Horatio Greenough. 12. Portrait of Professor Morse by Edward L. Morse. 13. Frame containing the following photographs: Birthplace of Professor Morse, in Charlestown, Mass.; church where Morse was baptized; residence, Poughkeepsie; residence, New York; Academy of Design, copy of "Dying Hercules"; statue in Central Park; monument in Greenwood Cemetery. 14. Letter of S. F. B. Morse written to his parents in 1799, when Morse was eight years old. 15. First picture painted by Morse, at the age of fifteen; a family group of his parents, his brothers and himself. 16. A few of Professor Morse's sketch-books. 17. Daguerreotype of Professor Morse and his eldest daughter, taken by himself in 1840 or 1841, one of the first ever taken in America. 18. Letters from George Wood, Henry O'Reilly, Amos Kendall, Professor L. D. Gale, William W. Pell, Professor Benjamin Silliman and others. 19. Caveat for a mode of filling pipe with wire (MS.). 20. Miscellaneous papers, etc.

One of the most happy ideas in connection with the Exhibition is the fact that action, movement and life are prevalent everywhere. Wherever possible the objects exhibited are kept in motion, thus adding enormously to the interest of the various features. Another excellent idea is the Practical Working Laboratory, which enables the public to witness the many striking phenomena of electricity. A clever experimenter, familiar with all the various apparatus, in the person of Mr. Max Osterberg, a Fellow of Columbia College, gives continuous demonstrations illustrating the technique of the science.

The Exposition naturally has some popular features which command the attention of every visitor. One of these gives a practical illustration of how electricity annihilates time and space. By means of a current generated through the enormous turbines at the actual Niagara, one stands beside a model representing the ninth wonder of the world and hears through a telephone the roar of the gigantic cataract five hundred miles away. The power which operates the model cataract is also furnished from the real Falls.

Another interesting working model which attracts the attention of large crowds daily is that of the Erie Canal, showing the application of electricity as a towing power. The model of the Erie Canal is a very beautiful piece of workmanship and is located as an adjunct to the model of Niagara, obtaining its power from the same source. The model is forty feet in length and is equipped with three models of canal-boats, graded in size to the scale. Considerable interest is taken in three small models of steel barges, the latest style of craft introduced on the canals, which are towed up and down, producing a very realistic effect. An appropriately painted background of rural scenery adds considerable vividness to the representation.

Two of the electrically lighted buoys which form such a picturesque feature of New York Harbor at night constitute another interesting exhibit. They are accompanied by charts and pictures which illustrate their practical use to mariners on the way from Sandy Hook to New York.

Another exhibit which attracts considerable attention is that of a stock ticker system in full operation. This innocent-looking arrangement, which is so important a factor in the affairs of to-day, is the object of a great deal of curiosity, everybody being anxious to see the machine whose ticks mean millions of dollars to Wall Street every day. There are also specimens of the earlier ticker machines connected with the exhibit.

Another lesson in electrical application can be obtained from the telephone exhibit, which comprises in a nutshell a complete illustration of the system whose enormous network now practically brings the whole country together. Switchboards, transmitters and receivers are so arranged that one sees at once just how the "'phone" works; and specimens of early patents tell how the present instruments were developed from crude original designs.

The advantages of electricity for cooking purposes were thoroughly demonstrated at the World's Fair, and an interesting exhibit of the various articles for kitchen equipment is now displayed here by a New York firm. It is claimed that meats cooked by electricity are much more palatable, owing to the retention of the juices, due to the quickness with which the cooking is done. The evenness of the heat also permits all parts of the joint to be cooked simultaneously, so that no necessity exists for overbaking one part of the joint to half cook the other. In broiling steaks especially is the superiority of the electrical stove observable. The electric method of cooking will do much to increase the comfort of the home when it comes within the range of the average pocketbook. In the first place, the exact time required to cook anything will be easily decided, and there will be no delay owing to "slow fires," as the current will be perfectly even. This will dispense with expert help in the kitchen, because the work will become more mechanical. The heat and dirt which have made life intolerable for so many women accustomed to cooking in an overheated kitchen will be missing when the electric stove has been installed in place of the present appliances. With the apparatus shown at the Exposition meats are cooked in eight minutes, bread in twenty and biscuit in from three to five minutes. There is no necessity for turning the meat or biscuit over, as all sides are equally browned at the same moment.

Of course Mr. Edison's exhibit, with which is included the fluoroscope and conveniences for examining one's own anatomy by means of the X ray, is one of the lions of the show. Here we find all the mysterious machinery for producing the Roentgen phenomena, including Crookes tubes, anode and cathode terminals, transformers, induction coils, and even mercury pumps for exhausting the tubes. A staff of assistants from the Edison laboratory at Orange is on hand to tell all who desire to know just what the X ray is, and how it is made to produce such wonderful results. This exhibit constitutes practically a history of Mr. Edison's inventions, including his latest triumph in the shape of the vatiscope, which, by a combination of photography and electrical power, seems to actually reproduce scenes from real life replete with color, action and movement.

The Practical Working Laboratory forms a fascinating point for those interested even slightly in scientific problems. Dr. Pupin's apparatus, consisting of the largest collection of condensers owned by any private individual in this country, has been loaned by him for the purpose of making experiments. These are conducted by Max Osterberg, who has contrived to create plenty of interest in his department. One of the exhibits is an artificial cable showing the speed with which messages cross beneath the Atlantic and explaining the operation of the transatlantic cable system.

The phenomena of electrical resonance is shown in a Geissler tube where a brilliant light appears when a musical note is sounded. Electric lights burning under water in vacuum without any connections also show another of the strange possibilities of this wonderful power. Another electrical experiment in vacuum is that of subjecting gun cotton to intense heat. This process, instead of producing combustion and blowing the whole Exposition to pieces, only results in the gradual vaporizing of the gun cotton. An exhibit made by a leading jewelry house is the object of much curiosity on the part of lady visitors. A number of phosphorescent diamonds placed in a black-lined book are connected with a powerful electrical current. Even when this is shut off the diamonds glow with sufficient intensity to light the entire booth.

Another experiment in the Practical Working Laboratory is that made in dia-magnetism, in which, by means of an electrical current, water is boiled in half a minute. A startling innovation in the way of house lighting is shown in a room fitted with luminous tubes, which surround the apartment in the form of a picture molding and suggests new and simpler possibilities than the present system of lamp lighting.

A very timely feature of the Exposition is the nightly display of pictures of the Presidential aspirants, by electricity.

The history of incandescent lamps is shown in the collection of W. J. Hammer, which comprises practically every stage of development in these articles, including the work of European and American inventors. Connected with this exhibit is a highly interesting feature in the shape of a collection of all the substances used by Edison in his early efforts to secure a practical filament for the incandescent lamp. There are also specimens of all the early lamps of the European inventors. The completeness of this exhibit is due to the generosity of Mr. Edison, who presented Mr. Hammer with a collection of his own to complete it.

Professor Doremus, who has always been prominently connected with investigations in electrical science, owing to his connection with the department of physics and chemistry at the College of the City of New York, Bellevue Hospital and other prominent institutions, also makes a valuable exhibit.

Among the interesting papers to be read before the convention are the following: Acetylene Gas, L. A. Ferguson; Electrolysis, Captain William Brophy; Results Accomplished in Light and Power Distribution by Alternating Currents, W. S. R. Emmet; The Light of the Future (illustrated by stereopticon views), D. MacFarlan Moore; Evolution of the Arc Lamp, L. H. Rogers. A lecture hall has been made by sectioning off the rear portion of the second floor of the building where an abundant seating capacity is provided. On Tuesday evening Max Osterberg, who has been closely connected with Dr. M. I. Pupin in his experiments, gave a lecture in which the story of the X rays up to date was exhaustively told. The lecture would bear repeating at least once a week during the continuance of the Exhibition.

It is impossible to give in a brief article details of the exhibits made by the great manufacturers of electrical plants and appliances, but they are commensurate with the importance of the occasion, and almost every leading firm in the United States is duly represented. For the benefit of those who desire to go into technical points when they visit the Exposition we give a few of the common units of electrical measurements.

The "volt" is the unit of pressure, or electro-motive force, being equal to a slightly higher pressure than that exerted by a common gravity cell. An "ampere" is the unit of current strength, denoting the rate at which it passes a given point in the connection. One ampere nearly equals the rate of flow in a sixteen candle power lamp, burning under a pressure of fifty-two voltage. An "ohm" is the unit of resistance or restraining power of the wire. The average copper wire used for making electrical connections has a resistance power of one ohm to the thousand feet. A wire twice as thick would have double that resistance.

For calculating purposes the number of amperes flow can be found by dividing the number of volts, or dynamo pressure, by the number of ohms resistance in the wire. The unit of electrical energy is designated a "watt," and equals one-seven hundred and forty-sixth of a horse-power. By multiplying the voltage pressure by the amperes flow the wattage will be found. The unit of quantity is called a "coulomb" and measures the amount flowing through the wire per second with a current strength of one ampere.

A "joule" is the term applied to treat measurements and is obtained by the multiplication of volts and coulombs. The unit of capacity is known as a "farad" and is needed for determining residual effects. A "henry" is the unit of self-induction, used in magnetic computations. Lastly comes the "dyne," which is the most important of all, being the unit from which all calculations of energy are made. Being the absolute unit of force, it is the basis of all electrical calculations. The exact mathematical status of the dyne is recently defined as follows by a writer in the *Electrical Review:* "The dyne is the quantity of force required to start a body, equal in weight to one cubic centimeter of distilled water at a temperature of four degrees centigrade, to a velocity of one centimeter per second. One horse-power is equal to about 7,464,388,525 dynes in the latitude of London."

In electrical calculations letters are used to represent the various units. These are as follows: Volt, E; ampere, C; ohm, R; watt, W; coulomb, Q; joule, Wj; tarad, K; henry, L. To further facilitate the efforts of those who wish to dip into electricity at the Exposition it may be explained that a "motor" is a number of electro magnets so arranged as to cause the armature or circular magnet to rotate on its axis when the electric current is induced. A "commutator" serves to keep the current in the proper wires. The "dynamo" is a motor moving backward so that the magnetism which always travels at right angles to the current is impeded, and resistance, forming power, is produced.

With these brief points the reader will, we hope, be able to form a more intelligent conception of the action of electrical force. A point to be remembered by intending visitors is that a concession has been made by most of the railroads running into New York by means of which delegates to the Electrical Convention obtain a reduction of fare. To obtain this advantage it is necessary that delegates when purchasing tickets shall state to the agent that they are delegates to the convention of the National Eelectrical Light Association, and obtain from him a certificate that they have paid full fare. This certificate when signed in New York will secure them return fare at one-third the regular rate. The certificates are good for the return trip up to three days after the close of the Exposition.—Arthur Field.

WELSH JUSTICE.

A curious condition of affairs is indicated by an account in one of our London contemporaries of a trial at the Anglesly Quarter Sessions at Holyhead. Of the thirty-four magistrates on the Bench about a third, it says, did not understand a word of the Welsh language, while probably another third knew hardly any English. Of the petty jury, four-fifths were monoglot Welshmen. Before this court two young fellows from London, blissfully ignorant of Welsh, were charged with the theft of a small piece of soap. The trial was, of course, conducted in English, and the chairman having summed up in that language, the Welsh-speaking jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and by a majority the magistrates awarded each of the prisoners a month's hard labor. So far as one of the prisoners was concerned, it is said, there was not an atom of evidence against him. Justice as dispensed by that court is a strange commodity.

An amusing story has been going the rounds in London lately, and, in view of the present Transvaal situation, it is interesting. On the first of April a well-known financier at Cap Martin received a telegram from Johannesburg announcing the marriage of Cecil Rhodes to a daughter of President Krueger The good man ran about in the most excited manner telling every one the news, and his crestfallen appearance when he found out that he had been hoaxed was much enjoyed.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

BY J. J. ROSENFELD,
City Editor of the Providence "Journal."

It was at the annual summer encampment of the militia forces of Rhode Island three or four years ago. The troops were preparing for review and an eager, interested crowd was pressing forward beyond the line where a number of dismounted cavalrymen were doing guard duty. There was one man who betrayed more

HON. WILLIAM SPRAGUE TO-DAY.

than the usual desire to look upon the flower of the young men of the State as they formed for the march past the reviewing officer. He was a short man with a beard which was streaked with gray. In his earnestness he pushed forward until one of the guards pushed him back with his saber.

"Get back there and stop pushing," admonished the youthful soldier, and with a muttered apology the short man got back into the crowd. From there he looked upon the pageant, watched the officers with their glitter of gold lace and saw the swords flash the salute as company, troop and battery passed the Governor. Then he withdrew, without notice or attention.

More than thirty years ago this man had formed the troops of Rhode Island for the battle of Bull Run, and a quarter of a century ago he had stood in the Senate of the United States and had truthfully declared that he carried the State of Rhode Island in his vest pocket. The little man of the mimic battlefield was William Sprague, War Governor and once a multi-millionaire.

The Sprague history is the story of a tragedy. When this man was elected Governor of Rhode Island in 1861 the concern of which he was the head and of which his brother was the other principal partner was worth not less than twenty million dollars. It is said that his first election as Governor cost him over thirty thousand dollars and at that time his sway in politics was supreme. The firm of A. & W. Sprague owned practically all the mills in the State. Their commercial and political dominance was absolute and in the latter extended even to the minor courts. It is recorded that many times men arrested for misdemeanors in the country towns were released from custody at a whisper from the Sprague lieutenants that they were useful in politics.

In the height of his magnificence and power Willam Sprague built Narragansett Park, the only trotting park in Rhode Island worthy the name. To-day it is owned by the State Fair Association, and over its superb track the splendid animals of the Hamlin stud lowered the world's records in 1893. Visitors to this place invariably ask the meaning of the initial letter "S" which is prominent on the massive gateway and on all the build-

GOV. WILLIAM SPRAGUE IN 1861.

ings. Sprague put a fortune into this park, and, like all his other belongings, it passed into the hands of strangers.

Even the homestead, Canonchet, located near Narragansett Pier, though still the residence of the Governor, as he is always called, is practically the possession of Colonel Garrett S. Wheaton, brother-in-law of Governor Sprague, who holds a mortgage on the property covering practically its value. No Eastern State knew a residence of loveliness surpassing this mansion. Here were the Sprague entertainments when bonny Kate Chase Sprague was mistress and the political leaders of the land were mightily honored when invited there. Like all the other Sprague property, this place is a tragedy in itself. These are the grounds which Sprague refused to allow to be taken from him and where, with the assistance of his son, he for years maintained a condition of siege. These, too, are the walks along which the War Governor pursued the proud Roscoe Conkling, who was the guest of his wife at the time. This was in August, 1879, and was the culmination of the unhappy domestic relations between the War Governor and Mrs. Sprague. The latter left Canonchet soon afterward and never returned.

It is but a few days ago that the newspapers chronicled the fact that friends of Kate Chase, as she has been known since her divorce, had come to her relief in time to prevent the sale of her home and to keep a roof over her head. At the time of the divorce she was awarded the custody of the daughters, while the boy, Willie, remained with the father. There are very few people who know how Kate Chase met William Sprague. She was the daughter and companion of probably the most gifted statesman who ever sat in the Senate chamber from Ohio—a blue-eyed, golden-haired, dashing girl. Her father was a widower, and this harum scarum girl was ushered into the social life of Columbus before she was out of her teens.

When Sprague was Governor he went to Columbus to take part in the unveiling of the Perry monument. There he was introduced to his future wife by Colonel Richard Parsons, who was present at the unveiling, to give reminiscences of his uncle who had been a surgeon with Perry. After the divorce Mrs. Sprague retired to Edgewood, the country home of her father, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The divorce was secured on the charges of desertion and non-support, and for a time the Governor threatened to oppose it. He engaged a number of attorneys, but finally withdrew his objections to the decree. The petition was filed in December, 1880.

After this Kate Chase petitioned for the appointment of a trustee and Robert W. Thompson of this State was placed in charge of her property. He died a few days

KATE CHASE SPRAGUE TO-DAY.

ago, and two or three hours before his death the writer of this article discussed the peculiarities of his ward with him. He said that after his appointment he visited Canonchet in order to take possession of the property of Kate Chase. Sprague drove him away and later Willie Sprague fired the contents of a gun at him. He secured the property, however. In the conversation Mr. Thompson declared that his ward had no idea of the value of money and that it was this fact alone which had reduced her to the verge of poverty. He said that after securing her property he, in company with Nelson W. Aldrich, now Senator from Rhode Island, deposited her diamonds and jewels in safe deposit vaults, the value of the property exceeding three hundred thousand dollars. He sent twenty trunks of dresses to Edgewood, and in his search located gowns in their original packages from Worth which had never even been opened.

"Meet me at my office to-morrow morning," he said, as he concluded his conversation, "and I'll give you enough Sprague reminiscences to fill a book."

He did not keep the appointment. A few hours later, while seated at his own fireside, perhaps engaged in recalling stories which could add interest to this recital, he passed away.

During all these years Mrs. Sprague has lived in retirement. Ethel Chase Sprague, her oldest daughter and second child, took to the stage and was for a time a member of Richard Mansfield's company. The second daughter has been her mother's companion. The payment of the mortgage upon her home places this once famous woman upon her feet, and she now proposes to give all her attention to raising vegetables for the Washington market, her home being just outside that city.

Poor Willie Sprague! The son of the War Governor of Rhode Island and of the daugther of the Chief Justice of the United States wandered far out to the West, wrote one of the most pathetic letters ever framed and sought oblivion in death. This occurred but a few years ago. In March, 1883, his father married again, the name of his second wife being Mrs. Dover Inez Calvert of Greenbrier County, West Virginia. Her sister came to Canonchet and Willie Sprague fell in love with her and married her. Their domestic life was not a happy one, and eventually the junior Mrs. Sprague, who was Miss Weed, secured a divorce. Willie wandered away, where nobody knew or seemed to care.

Gifted with a wild, impassioned nature, the education of this boy about Canonchet was of a kind to encourage romantic and strange ideas. During the long years when Governor Sprague resisted all attempts to take Canonchet from him—those times when the people were with him and the courts were against him—this lad wandered about the four hundred and thirty-nine acres of his home with a shotgun as his constant companion.

CANONCHET HOMESTEAD.

He blazed away at everybody and everything he pleased, and was patted on the back by all the supporters of the Governor. From September, 1873, when the Sprague brothers became bankrupt, until March, 1885, Sprague and his son held Canonchet against odds. The Sprague trust deed for the benefit of the Sprague creditors included Canonchet, but the Governor would not give up his homestead, and the people, who believed that vultures were feeding upon his fortune or what was left of it, sympathized with him.

Eventually Willie Sprague found his way to Seattle, where he obtained employment as a newspaper reporter. He was there but a short time when the telegraph wires one night told the story of his suicide. In his room a letter was found which was addressed to his father—a letter so full of pathos that its lines remained for many days in the memory of those who read them.

In it reference was made to having received a letter from his father—"one of those cold and chilling communications which pass between men when one gets a bill of goods for more than is shown in the invoice." It further said: "With my very sensitive and highly considerate nature, I cannot conceive how a man can so ruthlessly knock another down, gouge his eye and otherwise figuratively abase him with so little or in fact no cause." The writer can recall that at the time an associate, in commenting upon this letter, declared "it was a missive, sarcastic and melancholy, in which disappointed hopes and ambitions stalked spectrally between the lines."

Colonel Wheaton, practical owner of Canonchet, married the divorced wife of Willie Sprague. They live at Canonchet. It was stated at the time of Colonel Wheaton's arrival at the Pier in 1884 that he had formerly been a friend of the two sisters, and there is hardly any doubt that jealousy had much to do with driving Willie Sprague from home. Colonel Wheaton seemed disposed to do all he could to assist the young man, and it has always been said that there was no reason for the feeling manifested by Willie Sprague. Anyway there could be nothing more pathetic than the death of the brilliant young fellow, far from home, with no one to say farewell and his dying message a reproach to his parent.

Governor Sprague is now in Paris with his wife. Mrs. Sprague is studying music, and the newspaper reports from the French capital speak in terms of high praise of her progress and abilities. Amasa Sprague, brother and partner of the Governor, a genial, lovable soul, without the strong passions and excesses of the central figure of this story, is and has been for some years High Sheriff of one of the counties in this State. Canonchet is still as externally beautiful as ever, but all the other figures in this tragedy of tragedies are evidencing signs of age.

They say that out at Edgewood Mrs. Kate Chase leads a quiet and peaceful life. Perhaps though there

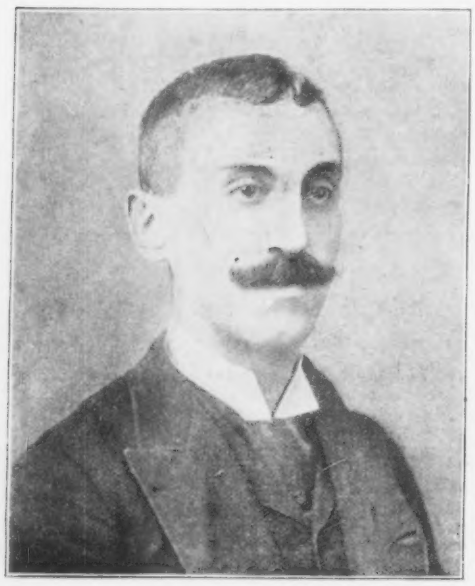
NARRAGANSETT PARK, THE GREAT TROTTING TRACK BUILT BY GOV. SPRAGUE.

are times when she lives over again the days of her youth, and thinks of the ambitions of that time among which none was more cherished than that of seeing her gifted father at the head of the nation. It did not seem at all improbable that such might be the fact.

Even down to 1875 William Sprague represented Rhode Island in the United States Senate.

J. J. Rosenfeld, author of "A Bit of History," is the city editor of the Providence *Journal*. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-eight years ago, educated in the schools of New York and Providence, and has been connected with the Providence *Journal* five years. Before that he was a reporter on other Rhode Island dailies.

The Providence *Journal* is one of the strongest papers of the country, men leaving its employ having no difficulty in obtaining positions upon the metropolitan publications upon the mere strength of their former connection with this New England daily. In the State in which it is published it is known as "The Rhode Island Bible," and its power and influence are very great. An evidence of this was given in 1887, when, tiring of Republican misrule, this independent publication urged the voters of the rock-ribbed Republican State to rebuke the ring which was then in control of affairs.



J. J. ROSENFELD,
City Editor of the Providence *Journal*.

Money and political influence counted for nothing as against this advice and the turnover was complete. Again last November similar conditions prevailed in the city of Providence and a movement for non-partisanship in municipal government was headed by the *Journal*. The fight was very bitter, but when the votes were counted practically every ring office-holder had been turned out of the City Hall.

ARTHUR C. WHITE,
City Editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*.

In city, State and national politics the *Journal* is as uncompromisingly independent as becomes a publication of its weight and financial strength. Its managing editor and principal stockholder is Richard S. Howland, and under his management the progress of the paper has been steady in every direction. Mr. Howland sets an example to the menin the employ of the paper by his presence at his desk every day and every night. He is a firm believer in young men, and evidences that belief by intrusting to them the charge of every department—news, editorial and mechanical. The results show the wisdom of his judgment because the head of each department feels that he has a personal interest in the publication and this spirit is communicated to even the youngest reporter.

The *Journal* occupies its own building at Westminster, Eddy and Fulton Streets, one of the largest and certainly the best and most elaborately equipped newspaper office in the East. Time and again have politicians whose wiles have been exposed provided funds for the issuance of papers which were intended to drive the *Journal* into a surrender of its independence, and the local journalistic cemetery is crowded with the corpses of these publications. And the *Journal* still moves serenely along, each month greater and more powerful.

THE New York *Recorder* thinks that "Cecil Rhodes must feel like the man who has put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth in a fit of absent-mindedness."

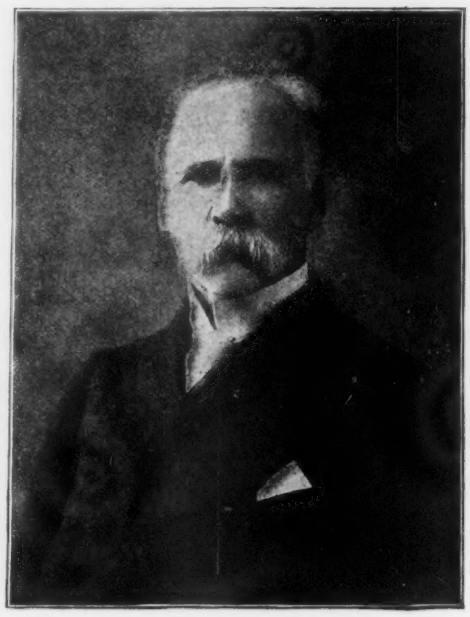
THE CITY EDITOR SERIES.

Mr. Arthur C. White, city editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, is not only a writer who knows how to tell a "story," but, we think it must be admitted, the picture this week shows him to be a man of much personal force and of superior mentality. He is in the prime of life, is a universal favorite in Indianapolis and must have an important future before him.

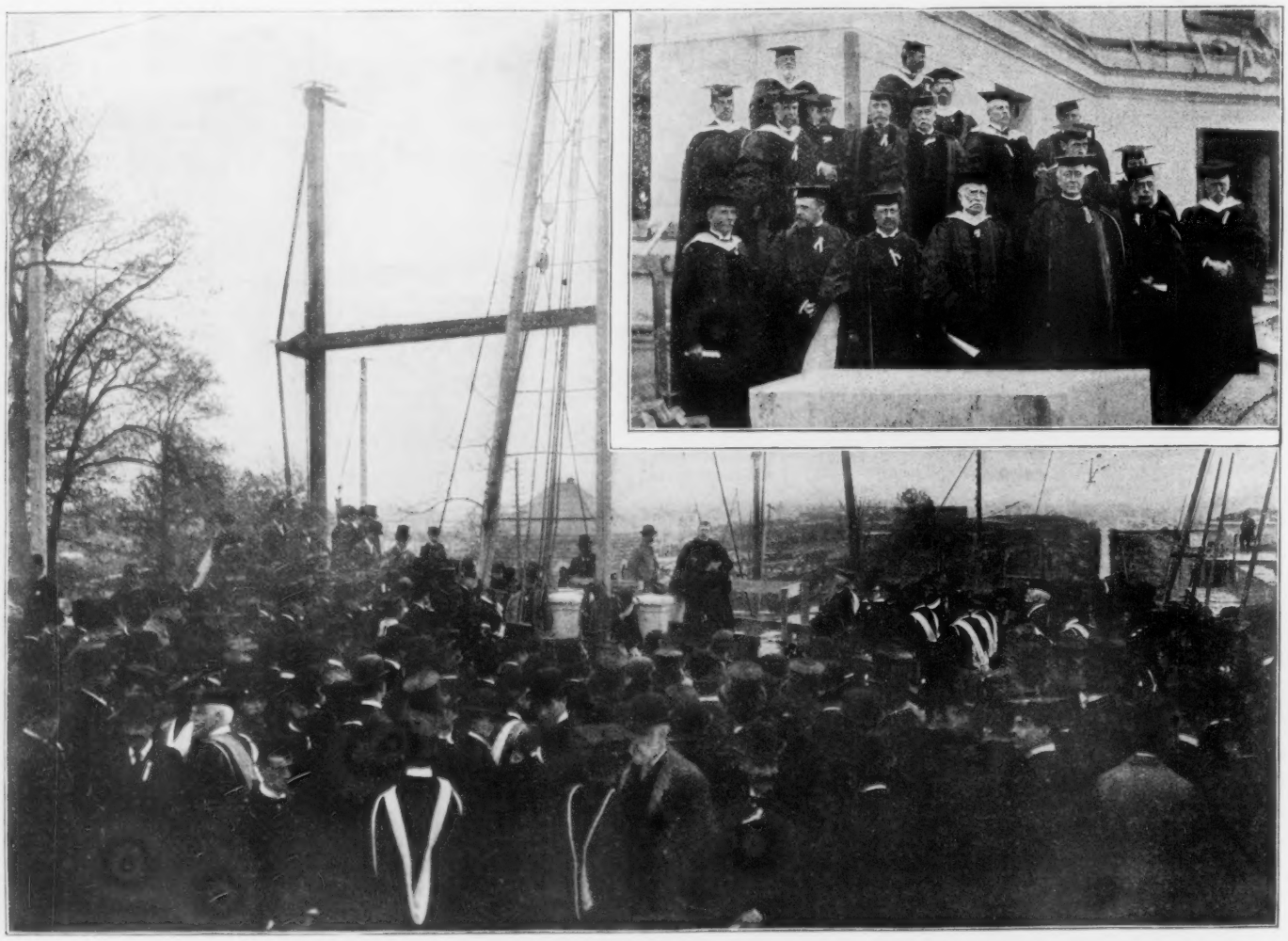
The strong but kindly features of the veteran journalist, Mr. Charles G. Stewart, are reproduced also in this issue. The Indianapolis *Sentinel* under Mr. Stewart's management has earned the success it has met with.

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

Near Newport News, Va., during the Civil War, was fought the first battle of the iron ships—the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac." At almost the identical spot the United States cruiser "Columbia" was run into by the Old Dominion line steamship, the "Wyanoke," early on the morning of April 28. The liner sank within fifteen minutes in sixty feet of water. The passengers were asleep at the time of the collision; but all were saved.



C. G. STUART,
Managing Editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*.



DEDICATION OF NEW COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SITE.—GROUP OF DIGNITARIES AT THE CEREMONY.

CONFIDENCES.

ONE OF TWO SISTERS.

BY M. B. THRASHER.

"Well, I do think you are too bad, so there!" exclaimed Belle Hartington, almost crying with vexation. She was talking to her younger sister, Maud. After a moment she went on.

"You always are so odd. Anyway, I think you might have a little regard for mamma and for me."

"What is the matter, Belle, my dear?" asked Mrs. Hartington, coming into the room just in season to hear the last of this remark. "What has Maud done now?" This last with a gentle sigh, intended to express patient resignation to long suffering.

Mrs. Hartington had been a spoiled only child, so beautiful that when her husband married her he had been blinded by her charming face and had failed to see the faults in her character which, all too soon after their marriage, developed her into a weak, complaining woman, whose every thought was centered in herself. He, poor man, coming at last to realize that he had wrecked the happiness of his life, but being made of stuff which led him to bear in silence a trouble which he felt could not be removed, drew much into himself, and, being a physician, absorbed himself as much as possible in his profession. His wife, quite unable to realize that she herself was to blame for all this, posed in her own mind as a gentle martyr, and gained in the course of years great proficiency in the art of being happy herself in proportion as she made those around her miserable. Two years before this Dr. Hartington had suddenly died, leaving his affairs in such condition that his widow and two daughters were obliged to live in very straitened circumstances. Mrs. Hartington had accepted this fate as only another proof that she was doomed to adversity, and her older daughter had inherited so much of her own nature that she was willing to sink down into a worrisome struggle to keep up appearances which she had niether the energy nor the desire to really try to improve.

Not so the younger daughter, however. Maud resembled her father, before discouragement had broken him down. She always wanted to be doing something, and thought it better to work than to mope. She had taught one term of school, for which work she was not particularly well fitted, and she had talked of going into a milliner's shop to work, a plan the discussion of which always brought her sister to desperation and her mother to tears. Mrs. Hartington had her handkerchief in her hand now, as she sank down upon a couch, and turned to Belle for an answer to her question.

"She has told the Smith girls that if they will get her a place she will go with them to the Longview House as a table waiter. Isn't it awful? What will people say? Everybody will be sure to know about it. I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Ashton would think. He goes to the mountains nearly every year, too. I know he's going there this year, because he wrote me that he was going to take his aunt there. She is that awfully rich Mrs. Smithson. Just as likely as not he would come to know of Maud's being there, and what would he think? I guess I never should see him again, afterward." Belle was almost crying, herself, with vexation.

"Surely, Maud," said her mother, with the air of a martyr, "you will not ask me to bear this?"

Maud walked across the room to the window, and waited a moment before she answered. She had just come from the home of the Smiths, a neighboring family, where, though they were all obliged to work hard, the home life was so different. Why must her home always be like this?

At last she turned and said: "What would you have me do, mamma? You are not willing I should go into a shop, and I simply must do something. Even if I didn't want to earn money to buy the things I really need, I couldn't stay here any longer and do nothing. I should go crazy, I know."

"You might teach school again," groaned Belle; "that wasn't half so bad."

"Yes, I might, if I could get a school; but you know very well that I am not fitted for anything but primary work, and the only schools of that grade have teachers. I thought this would be a real good thing. The girls will be with me, and I can room with them, so I shall not be lonely. They say there is a real nice class of help go to the Longview, many of them teachers and students, and they always enjoy the summer. The work is not hard, and the pay good. Nobody else need know where I am if you feel so bad about it. As for Mr. Ashton, it isn't at all likely he will come where I am, and even if he does he will not know me, for, if you remember, he has never seen me. The girls say we shall go there the first of June, and if we do I shall be gone before he comes this year."

Mr. Ashton was a young man who, the year previous, had spent a month in the country town where the Hartingtons lived. He was reputed to be very wealthy. He certainly was handsome, well-bred and charming. Maud had never seen him, as she had been away at the time visiting an old friend of the doctor's who liked her for her father's sake as much as he disliked the rest of the family. Belle, who had all her mother's old-time prettiness, and could be really attractive when she chose, had exerted all her powers to please Mr. Ashton, whom in so small a town she had frequent opportunity to meet, and she was so successful that, seeing as he did only her best side, he had become really interested in her, and when he went away in the fall had thrilled her with happiness by asking her if he might be allowed to write to her. Although this correspondence had never progressed beyond the point of mere friendliness, Belle knew that he was planning to come back to Waston this summer for another visit, and she felt that in this circumstance lay the possibility of prospects for herself delightful to contemplate.

As usual, Maud carried out her plans. The Smith girls—good, sensible girls, one a nurse and the other a teacher—had been to the Longview as waiters for the last two summers, and they easily got a place for her. The work was easy to learn, and Maud soon found that she was going to enjoy the summer. She never had been in the mountains before, and now she felt as if she could never tire of gazing at the lofty summits which rose in grandeur about the hotel. Never were there two days just alike, and whether softly blue in sparkling sunlight, capped with cloud, or shrouded in mist, they always had a beauty which attracted her.

Mr. Ashton, meanwhile, had come to Waston to make his visit there, and Belle's letters to Maud were about equally filled with glowing accounts of his charms and expressions of her fears that he would find out that she had a sister who was waiting table in a hotel.

To make matters worse, the plans which had been spoken of for his accompanying his aunt to the mountains had been matured, and they were to go in July. What was Belle's horror, moreover, to learn one day that the particular house which they had selected for their stay was, of all others, the Longview. She promptly intimated, as skillfully as she could, that she had heard that this was not a desirable house, and suggested several others which she felt sure would be pleasanter. It was all to no effect, however, for it seemed that Mrs. Smithson had spent some weeks at the Longview, years before, when her husband was alive, and she was firm in her determination to go there again. All that poor Belle could do, then, was to write a pathetically pleading letter to Maud, begging that she would use every effort to conceal her identity if there should seem to be any danger of Mr. Ashton learning who she was, something which seemed to Maud quite unlikely.

Meanwhile Mr. Ashton, to Belle's intense chagrin, remained merely a delightful friend. They rode and drove and walked together, and he certainly was more attentive to her than he had been the year before; but that was all. However, he was to come back to Waston, after the mountain trip. It must mean something that he was to do this, and she did not lose courage. On the last day before he went she suffered a horrible fright. They were driving, when he suddenly said, as if he had just remembered it, as in fact he had: "Oh! by the way, didn't I hear in some way that your sister is at the mountains? At what house is she stopping? I shall go about some, and perhaps I can plan to meet her. It is true I have never seen her, but I am sure I should be very glad to do so, and with your permission I would introduce myself to her."

Belle gave one gasp of fear, and then rallied. She felt that the occasion was so serious that any resource must be employed, and with the slightest possible hesitation she answered: "Oh! it's too bad. Maud is no longer at the mountains. She was there for some time, but she has gone now to visit friends in New York State."

"Ah, then I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her," was the answer, and the matter was dropped.

Belle did not write to Maud of this. Shallow as she was, she hesitated to let her sister know that she had told a deliberate falsehood. It might be necessary to explain the affair to Maud in the fall, if she came home while Mr. Ashton was still in Waston; but she would put it off as long as possible, and she contented herself now with writing her sister another letter of warning.

The result of all this was that Maud's curiosity was aroused to see this man of whom she had heard so much, and she watched each good-looking stranger whom the head-waiter escorted down the long dining-room, and wondered if that was he.

Good-looking young men are not rare at a fashionable mountain hotel, though, and as Maud expected that Mr. Ashton would be one of a party, consisting of his aunt and some other people, it so happened that she herself had waited on him for two whole days before she found out who he was. Mrs. Smithson, it seemed, had been detained, and he had come on ahead to make arrangements for the party, and as fate would have it, had been seated at Maud's table. When she learned that this was the case she could not but laugh at the state of mind Belle would have been in if she could have known. As for herself, she enjoyed the situation hugely. There was not the slightest danger that he would guess who she was, for he did not suppose that she was even in the mountains, so far as she knew; and though the people who sat at her table, some of whom had been there for several weeks, called her by her given name, there were too many Mauds in the world for him to ever connect the name with Belle's sister. Meanwhile it was jolly to have this chance to watch him.

Among the others who sat at Maud's table were a man and his wife who had been at the house only a week or so. The woman was offensively ill-bred, and as her husband deferred to her in all things, they were exceedingly unpleasant to wait on; but Maud had already seen enough of hotel work to know that such people will come, and must be borne with, and, disagreeable as it might be, realized that if she was to work there she must bear her share with the other girls in suffering such annoyances. This woman, who rejoiced in the delightfully mellifluous name of Jingson, having recently merged from the lowest social depths herself, felt that she could best assert herself by domineering over those whom circumstances allowed her to treat in such a manner. Her treatment of Maud, at the table, before Mr. Ashton, on the two or three occasions when they had been present at the same time, had been such as to make that man's blood boil in him, though he had not the slightest interest in his waitress except as a pleasant-appearing young woman whom he disliked to see ill-treated. It is quite probable that Mrs. Jingson, appreciating the presence of such a good-looking young man, felt that these were occasions when she ought to distinguish herself, for at dinner on the third day he was there she went into a towering rage over some fancied disrespect on Maud's part. Afterward no one could tell how it happened, and there probably was no cause for the scene whatever, except in Mrs. Jingson's imagination; but, encouraged by what she felt sure were approving looks from Mr. Ashton, she grew more and more violent until at last she started up from the table, and with poor Mr. Jingson following, in meek subjection, swept out of the dining-room, declaring that she should go to the office and "see if such things were to be permitted."

Poor Maud, crimson with shame, and with tears of fear and anger in her eyes, did not know what to do. A sympathizing girl, whose table, near at hand, was empty, kindly relieved her from her work, and sent her out of the room to compose herself as best she might while waiting for the dread summons to come to the office which she felt she must expect.

Mr. Ashton, thoroughly disgusted, finished his dinner and left the room. Just as he passed the door of the manager's private office Mrs. Jingson emerged, glowing with satisfaction, and followed, as usual, by Mr. Jingson. Before she left she turned to say once more, in tones loud enough to be heard by every one about: "I want you to understand, distinctly, that unless that person leaves the house immediately, I do."

Mr. Kirkwell, the manager, stood in the door looking after her with an expression of much concern upon his face. Both he and his wife had been greatly pleased with Maud, and the way in which she had done her work. He disliked exceedingly the thought of doing her an injustice, but it was possible she really had been to blame, and if so he did not wish to lose two good-paying customers. As he stood there, deeply perplexed, he caught sight of Mr. Ashton looking at him. He remembered that this man had also sat at Maud's table, and stepping forward he asked him if he would be so kind as to come into his office for a moment.

A very few words of inquiry and explanation were all that was necessary. Mr. Kirkwell was a warm-hearted man, and thoroughly chivalrous when his sympathies were aroused. His language on this occasion became much more forcible than elegant as he declared that "all the Jingsons in creation may pack their trunks and leave before Maud Hartington," unconsciously using her full name, "shall go out of this house."

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"Maud Hartington!" Mr. Ashton started as he heard that name. Could it be possible? Carelessly, that his motive might in no way be misconstrued, he asked Mr. Kirkwell if Miss Hartington was from Waston?

Yes, she was. Nice girl, she was, too. Come with some old girls of theirs. Guessed from what the girls had said her folks were hard up at home, and he'd be blanked if she should be made to suffer.

And so it came about that Maud was not called to the office, and that Mr. and Mrs. Jingson left in high dudgeon, and with much emphasized shaking of dust from their unbecomingly large feet.

As for Mr. Ashton, he had been given something to think of. He was himself the soul of honor, and when he realized that Belle Hartington had deliberately lied to him he felt with a shudder of disgust how impossible it would be for him to ever tolerate her again. Quietly he watched Maud, and putting one thing and another together, he finally guessed pretty correctly just what the circumstances of the Hartington family were.

At the end of a week he told Maud that he was going away, and added: "I shall return next week, and my aunt will come with me. She would have been here before but she has been detained by the illness of her companion, a young woman to whom she was devotedly attached. I have just been informed that this person has died, and I know that my aunt will greatly mourn for her and miss her. She must have some one at once to fill her place, and I have been wondering if you would be willing to do it. I am sure you would find it pleasant, for my aunt is a dear good woman, whose companion is a friend and not a servant. I feel sure, too, that she would be charmed with you. May I tell her of you, and tell her that you will try it?"

Of course the rest can be guessed. Maud was only too glad to welcome such an opportunity, and she and Mrs. Smithson soon became devotedly attached to each other. In the fall they sailed for Europe, and Mr. Ashton, instead of going back to Waston, went with them. He and Maud were married in Paris, the following year, to Mrs. Smithson's unbounded delight. Later they returned to America; but, though Mr. Ashton gladly settled upon his wife's mother and sister an annuity which made them so independent that Mrs. Hartington had no occasion to sigh except for joy, he never encouraged their visits at his home, nor did he ever care to go again to Waston.

THE "JEANNETTE'S" DEAD.

Senator Chandler is expected to introduce a bill in the United States Senate shortly to provide for the erection of a monument over the graves of the dead of the "Jeannette" Arctic expedition in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York. The monument, if the present plan is carried out, will be similar to that erected by George W. Melville, the present Engineer in Chief of the Navy, over the spot where the bodies of the brave De Long and his companions were first buried. The amount of money required will be small.

Mr. Melville was chief engineer of the "Jeannette," and after she sank on the night of June 12, 1881, took charge of the whaleboat of the vessel and reached the eastern shore of the Lena delta, from where the party was conducted by natives to a village. As soon as possible he got out in search of the party in charge of Lieutenant Commander De Long. At Belun he found Seamen William F. C.

Nindemann and Louis P. Noros, who had been with the De Long party and had been sent ahead to seek help. They returned to the northern extremity of the Lena delta, suffering greatly from exposure and scarcity of food. He secured the log-books of the "Jeannette" and other effects, which had been left in a cache, but the De Long party could not be found. Mr. Melville returned to Belun, where he remained until spring, and then resumed his search. Between March 23 and March 27, 1882, the bodies of the De Long party, with the exception of those of H. H. Erichsen, seaman, and Alexy, the Indian, were found. Alexy and Erichsen had been buried in the river and their remains could not be secured.

LITERARY SQUATTERS

IN *Current Literature* for May, under the title "Pre-empted Fields in Literature," is a vigorous protest against the habit critics have lately contracted of looking upon some particular section or district as peculiarly the property of a certain author, he having the sole right to use it or its denizens as a theme for his work. The article says:

"There is something amusing, and irritating too, in the way the critics donate large and elegant sections of the universe to successful authors as their private hunting-grounds. If an author makes a hit with a novel on any special country or theme, the critics pre-empt that country or theme and hold it as a trustee for that individual author. They constitute themselves literary gamekeepers and with jealous eyes look for poachers, to warn them off these private grounds. A map of the world might be made with the names of the owners of the pre-empted literary lands marked thereon. An author who has lived in India, perhaps for many years, writes a strong and graphic story of the life there; it represents his original thought and observation. When it is published it is judged, rarely from itself and for itself, but as relating to Kipling's work; the irritating compliment of 'a second Kipling' may be given him; he is perhaps referred to as 'entering upon a field so fully and ably covered by Mr. Kipling' or as 'one of Mr. Kipling's numerous imitators,' or as 'trading on the reputation of Mr. Kipling' or as 'lacking in orginality in not breaking in new ground.'

"The Hudson Bay Country has been pre-empted by the critics for Gilbert Parker, though Canada is permitted to exercise a general government supervision. Anthony Hope now owns Society; all playful cynicism in dialogue on matters mundane and feminine is pre-empted by Mr. Hope. Du Maurier owns the Latin Quarter and all Bohemia artist life, though he graciously permits it to remain in Paris for a time. The ground itself, the realty, still belongs to the city and to individuals; but all reality, all associations, literary material and possibilities are held by the critics in trust for George du Maurier.

"Stanley J. Weyman has had two or three centuries of French history marked as his by the critics. This literary section belongs as absolutely to him as 'Reminiscences of the German Emperor' belongs to Poultney Bigelow. Barrie for a time owned Scotland, but he was crowded out of his pre-emption by Maclaren, Meldrum, Crockett and a host of other bold claim-jumpers. Bret Harte's patent on California has not yet expired. The young writer foolhardy enough to write a short story about a Western mining camp must expect to hear how 'inferior it is to Bret Harte's delightful little classic, "The Luck of Roaring Camp."' Africa is the only continent still left unpre-empted, though Olive Schreiner's 'African Farm' takes a good southern section out of the coming partition.

"The whole world seemed to have been apportioned, until, doubtless discouraged by the gloomy terrestrial outlook, John Kendrick Bangs has fearlessly sailed into the infernal regions, with his 'House-Boat on the Styx.' But even here he finds a filled and pre-empted territory, held in the name of one Dante, an Italian.

"Let us have less of this cheap comment so discouraging to individuality. Let us not use the work of one author as the 'unit of criticism' in determining the value of the productions of another. Where writers honestly put forth their efforts in any line, they have a right to demand individual criticism, and they should not be compelled to suffer the imputation of seeking to crawl under the canvas of some one else's popularity, like country boys at a circus. Much absolute injustice is often done to authors by this innuendo of the critics, by forcing comparison with the work of the new author with a prior novel which he never even read. If we were to admit the justice of these pre-empted fields the best authors could join their fields and form a trust that would monopolize the earth. But, alas! then doubtless the critics would wish to pre-empt our very vocabulary."

McKINLEY.

The Republicans of the Sixteenth Ohio Congressional District met at Bellaire May 5. Congressman Danford was renominated without opposition and McKinley delegates elected.

At the Republican convention of the Fifth Congressional District of Missouri, J. H. Harris and E. M. Taubman were elected as delegates to the St. Louis convention. They were instructed for McKinley. Resolutions were passed indorsing Webster Davis for Governor and C. I. Filley for National Committeeman.

At the Tenth Missouri Congressional District Republican convention McKinley resolutions were adopted and Chauncey I. Filley was indorsed for delegate-at-large to the National Convention. In the Eleventh and Twelfth Congressional District conventions to nominate delegates to the State convention resolutions were also adopted in favor of McKinley.

At the convention of the Twenty-second District Republicans of Illinois George W. Smith of Jackson County was nominated without opposition for his fifth term in Congress. Resolutions indorsing McKinley for President and instructing the delegates to the National Convention from the district to vote for him were adopted.

The Thirteenth Congressional District Republican convention of Illinois was held at Monticello May 5. Congressman Vespasian Warner was renominated for a second term by acclamation. The delegates to the National Convention were instructed for McKinley.

BRIGANDS TO HANG.

The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and his wife were stopped last week by brigands near Frascati, Province of Rome, Italy, who demanded their money.

The Duke was at first inclined to resist, but his wife became hysterical and threw out her purse, containing thirteen dollars, whereupon the robbers withdrew, offering profound apologies.

The robbers were masked and armed with rifles. They are known in the neighborhood as desperate characters, who would have killed or abducted the Duke if he had resisted.

Besides the Duke and Duchess the party consisted of the poet Richard Voss, two women and two flunkies. The latter fell into fits with fright.

The Italian Government promises to hang the brigands, according to an ancient law against robbing royal personages. A regiment of hussars, which was tracking the robbers, claims to have caught them.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Barney Barnato, in an interview at Johannesburg, said he wished to manifest no hostility to the Transvaal in closing down his many mines. He said he was personally friendly with President Krueger, who knew he never assisted or helped in the late trouble. He was acting under commercial necessity.

Mr. Barnato, who has control of scores of paying mines, says that his most reliable men are in prison, and he has no one competent to look after his mines. The Barnato companies have spent fifteen million dollars in working their mines.

Mr. Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, has received a message from Cecil Rhodes in which the latter states that he places himself unreservedly in Mr. Chamberlain's hands.

Mr. Rhodes offers to resign his membership in the Privy Council, to retire from the directorship of the British South Africa Company and to return to England if Mr. Chamberlain advises him to do so.

It is understood that the matter was discussed by the Cabinet at the meeting last week, and it was expected that Mr. Chamberlain would soon announce the decision arrived at to the House of Commons.

The Pretoria correspondent of the Paris *Temps* reaffirms that Sir Henry Brougham Loch, now Lord Loch, of Drylaw, when Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner in South Africa, offered to aid a revolutionary movement in the Transvaal, and this in face of Lord Loch's denial of the original report.

AMERICAN CATTLE.

The exclusion from France last year of American cattle was the subject of much correspondence between the two Governments, which has just been made public. In one telegram from Secretary Olney to Ambassador Eustis the latter was instructed to inform the French Government that President Cleveland regarded the prohibition as "a needless and unfriendly interference with an important branch of legitimate trade."

Mr. Eustis was also instructed to protest against the enforcement of the prohibition, which he apparently did most vigorously. The change of Ministry in France brought about a more favorable disposition on the part of that Government, and the prohibition was in a fair way to be removed when the printed correspondence closed, November 14, 1895.

NATURE'S REVENGE.

A great sensation has been caused at Brussels by the arrest of M. Courtois, an ex-police official, for the murder of Mme. Herry, who was strangled and robbed in her house in the Belgian capital.

Courtois was identified as the man who, calling himself an artillery officer, sold stolen bonds to a Brussels broker the morning after the crime. He admits his complicity in the crime.

The news of his crime reached the ears of a woman whose husband was some time ago sentenced to a year's imprisonment for defamation of character in having accused Courtois, then on the police force, of complicity in the theft of the jewels of the Countess of Flanders in 1893.

Delirious with joy at the vengeance which had overtaken the author of the punishment of her husband, the woman exclaimed: "Justice at last!" and fell dead.

A DIFFICULT FEAT.

The frailty of a basket of eggs is proverbial, yet it is recorded that a man has jumped upon one without in any way damaging the contents. The feat was performed recently by an English jumper named John Higgins. He exhibited every night, jumping into a basket of eggs and out again without breaking a shell. The eggs were piled up even with the rim of the basket, which was about two feet from the floor. Higgins stood upon one side looking for a few minutes at the contents of the basket, and then, with a sudden spring, he was in the air. He jumped at the basket, and, just as his body reached a point over the eggs, lowered himself until his feet touched the eggs, and then, like a bird on the wing, he was up again and over the basket. He also jumped over a bucket of water, and in his flight dropped to the water till he had wet the soles of his shoes, and then cleared the bucket without making a splash. In the egg jump he lowers his toes to touch the eggs very lightly, but in the water jump the whole foot has to be placed squarely on the water surface—a far more difficult feat.

FORTUNES ON THE STAGE.

According to a gossip, Ada Rehan has a fortune in Harlem and Brooklyn real estate. Modjeska owns valuable property in Colorado, Poland and elsewhere, while Mrs. Langtry and Lillian Russell have not only a fortune in the diamonds which they possess, but are also in possession of real estate to some considerable amount. Christine Nilsson is another example of success. Sarah Bernhardt, who has spent fortunes, still owns a valuable estate in France. Mme. Albani, the brothers De Reszke, and Edward Lloyd are all noted in their professions for the wealth which they have earned and managed to accumulate.

A HAUNTED LIGHTSHIP.

The schooner "Robert Laing" is haunted. So says the captain. So say the crew. She has been used as a lightship at the entrance of New Haven Harbor for a year past, and during that time has been a source of singular mystery. Strange voices have been heard calling at all hours of the day and night; sometimes the name of the captain would be vigorously called, and when Captain Hall would go to investigate no one was there, and the crew were all accounted for.

At first it was thought some one was playing a practical joke on the skipper and his men; but as time passed and the strange voices continued, fear took possession of the men, and they began to desert the ship. Some time in the quiet watches of the night hysterical laughter would be heard in the rigging. Then weird voices would come moaning from between decks. There was something strange and uncanny in these voices ever calling. The vessel has time and again been searched from stern to stem, but no search has ever detected the ghostly visitor.

Finally the situation became unbearable. The crew refused longer to remain, and so the vessel from sheer necessity has run into New Haven Harbor, in hope of shipping a new crew. The captain cannot explain the mystery, and the crew shudder and dislike to talk about it.

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